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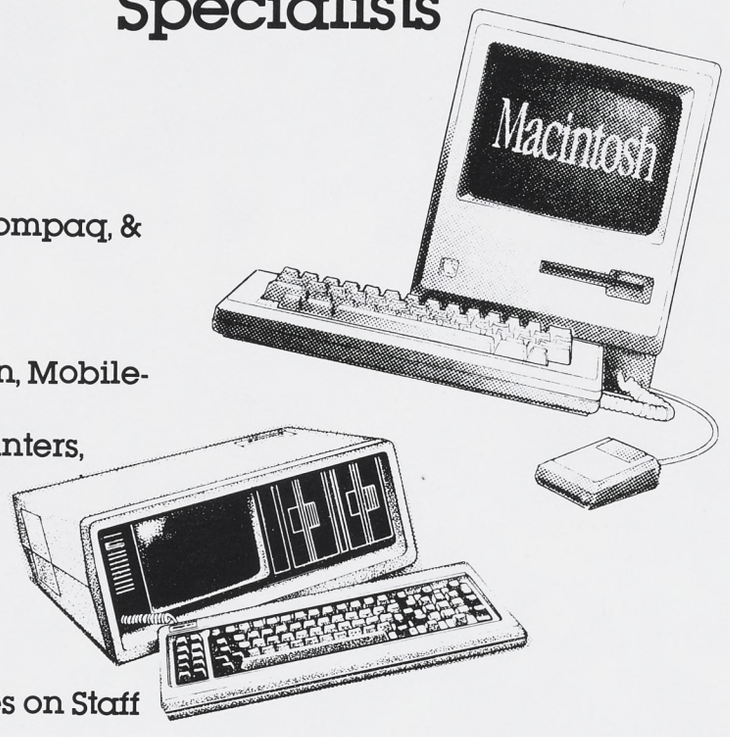
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FALL '84 VOL. 6 NO. 2



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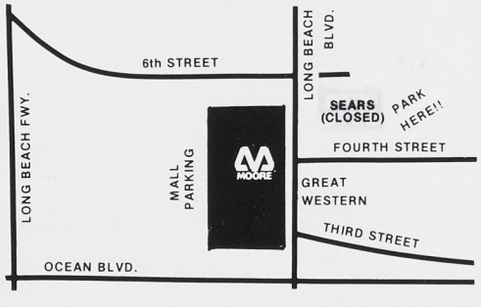
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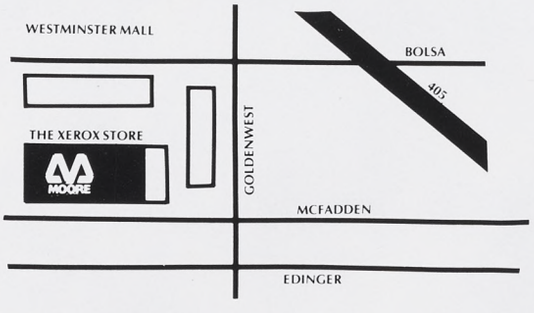
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UNIVERSITY
MAGAZINE

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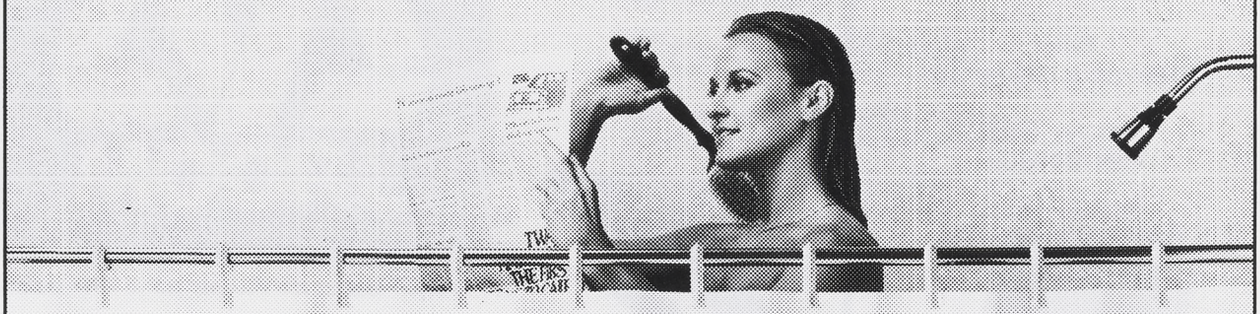
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Cover Photo
By Scott Manchester

Wake Up to What's Happening



PRESS TELEGRAM

Start the day fresher with the morning Press-Telegram.

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Your Morning

PRESS-TELEGRAM

News For The Way You Live

Editor's Note

In the past, UNIVERSITY Magazine was written, edited, laid out, pasted up, ads sold and distributed by a handful of students. For this issue, my goal was to involve all staff members in the entire publication process—from query letter to article submission to production. Total participation didn't center around just writing and submitting an article, but extended into the business of everyone selling ad space.

We wrote articles, captions and titles. We sold ads. We learned to typeset, layout and paste up our copy. And the reward? Distribution of a quality magazine.

UNIVERSITY WATCH, a mixed bag of timely, informative pieces, originated out of my need to give more students the opportunity to have their work published.

After reading UNIVERSITY WATCH, Tom Vasich's investigative piece will set the 49er basketball record straight. Fuji may have a blimp, but Kirk Anderson found out that Goodyear still rules the skies. After reading Andy Murray's Baja adventures, you'll want to pack your bag and go. Nobody wants to be a quitter, but the facts and figures put forth by Dave Kogok are enough to make a two-pack-a-day chainsmoker choke the habit.

Then Carol Worthman seduces you into sunrise with her photo essay about the dedicated women rowers of CSULB. Backyard touring with Shelley Olhoffer has you off and running to all points north, south, east and west in Southern California. Leo Hetzel's first-hand account, as told to Nathalie Brun and Carol Worthman, is a shocking story of the Salvadoran refugees' plight.

Finally, Toots Zoot is alive and well, and playing a *One Note Samba* in Jesus Carlos Galvan's short story.

Sit back, relax and enjoy.

Stephanie Lawrence

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All registered students at CSULB are automatic stockholders in the A.S. Corporation. The A.S. government provides or sponsors a multitude of services to the students of CSULB, as well as funding for clubs, school councils and special programs.

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Black Cultural Program
Chinese Students Association
Gay/Lesbian Student Union
International Students Committee
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Vietnamese Student Association

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Education (5 depts.)
Applied Arts and Sciences (6 depts.)
Natural Sciences (6 depts.)
Humanities (9 depts.)
ABSOC (9 depts.)
Engineering (11 depts.)
Fine Arts (5 depts.)

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Concerts
Disabled Students
Editor-Student Handbook
Elections
Festivals and Homecoming
International Relations
Leadership
Lectures and Forums
Legal Aid
New Student Orientation
Performing Arts
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Professor Evaluation
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Social Commission
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Services

Isabel Patterson Child Development Center
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Draft Information Center
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Mens and Womens Crew Team
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Get Involved!

Join one of the many clubs and organizations offered by the Associated Students.
Contact Craig Harvey in room 213-A of the Student Union, or call at (213) 498-5241 for more information.
The Associated Students office is located on the Plaza Level of the University Student Union.

UNIVERSITY watch

Earn While You Learn

The average college student has a lot on his mind—school, grades, jobs and sleep, all in a 24-hour period. Some, though, now find it possible to learn and earn at the same time. In the spring of 1983 the California State Legislature passed Senate bill 813, the Teacher Trainee Certificate Program. One portion of the bill introduced by Senator Gary Hart enables four-year graduates to move directly into an $18,000 to $19,000-a-year teaching position.



Rebecca Laing

The law states where school districts cannot find credentialed teachers in grades 7 through 12, a district may hire students in ''need'' areas. These areas in the Long Beach Unified School District are math and science. After teaching two years and meeting district qualifications, the ''teacher-student'' will earn a teaching credential.

In order to participate in the program, students must: have a baccalaureate degree from an accredited college or university with a major or minor in the need area subject; pass the California Basic Education Skills Test; pass individual subject examinations from the Commission on Teacher Credentialing; and receive a Certificate of Clearance establishing the student's personal identification and good moral character.

Prior to the law, California students completed a rigorous five-year program (most other states require only four). Although California remains the only state not to have an education major in its colleges and universities, it continues to produce 10 percent of the nation's teachers, according to John Sikula, dean of the CSULB School of Education. He adds that CSULB produces close to 900 credentialed teachers annually, thus making the university one of the largest teacher-training institutes west of the Mississippi.

Questions have been raised by educators in both universities and school districts regarding how the Teacher Trainee Certificate Program will affect California's reputation for high quality education. Some are opposed to the concept.

''Don't we always fight change, always go with tradition?'' asks Jean Conroy, CSULB Single Subject Credential Program coordinator. ''I think we've got to look at this as a great opportunity to develop something that will be a tremendous help to the school districts and the universities.''

Conroy believes that interaction between university faculty, public school faculty and the program's teacher-student has to be helpful in improving the quality of education.

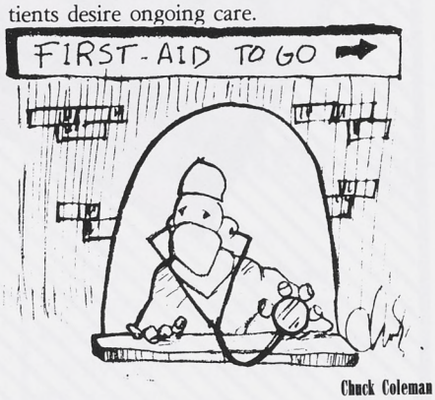
Naturally, each school district's criteria for this program is different. Those interested in the Teacher Trainee Certificate Program should contact Dr. Tom Shaw, School of Education.

—Karen Riley

RX for a Quick Fix

Help is here for those with minor medical needs.You no longer have to wait in a crowded hospital emergency room for treatment of cuts, sprains, flu, fever, fractures, or such childhood diseases as mumps and measles. Go instead to a medical care center—no appointment necessary. Most centers stay open 15 hours a day, 365 days a year, and charge 30 to 50 percent less than an emergency room.

You receive immediate and professional care from a qualified staff: the X-ray, diagnostic, laboratory equipment is state-of-the-art. A staff member makes follow-up calls to all patients a day or so after their visit and makes arrangements for hospital care if needed. The centers keep listings of physicians and their medical specialities should patients desire ongoing care.



Chuck Coleman

The Community Immediate Medical Care Centers, located in Lakewood, Long Beach, and Huntington Beach, have medical equipment to stabilize life-threatening emergencies, but severe trauma victims are encouraged to go directly to a hospital emergency room.
cy room.

Medical care centers offer additional services: high school and college, pre-employment, premarital, state and federal license examinations; blood or urine pregnancy tests; and free blood pressure checks and diabetes screenings. Convenience medical care centers offer the latest solution to a time-and-money-conscious society—a quick fix.

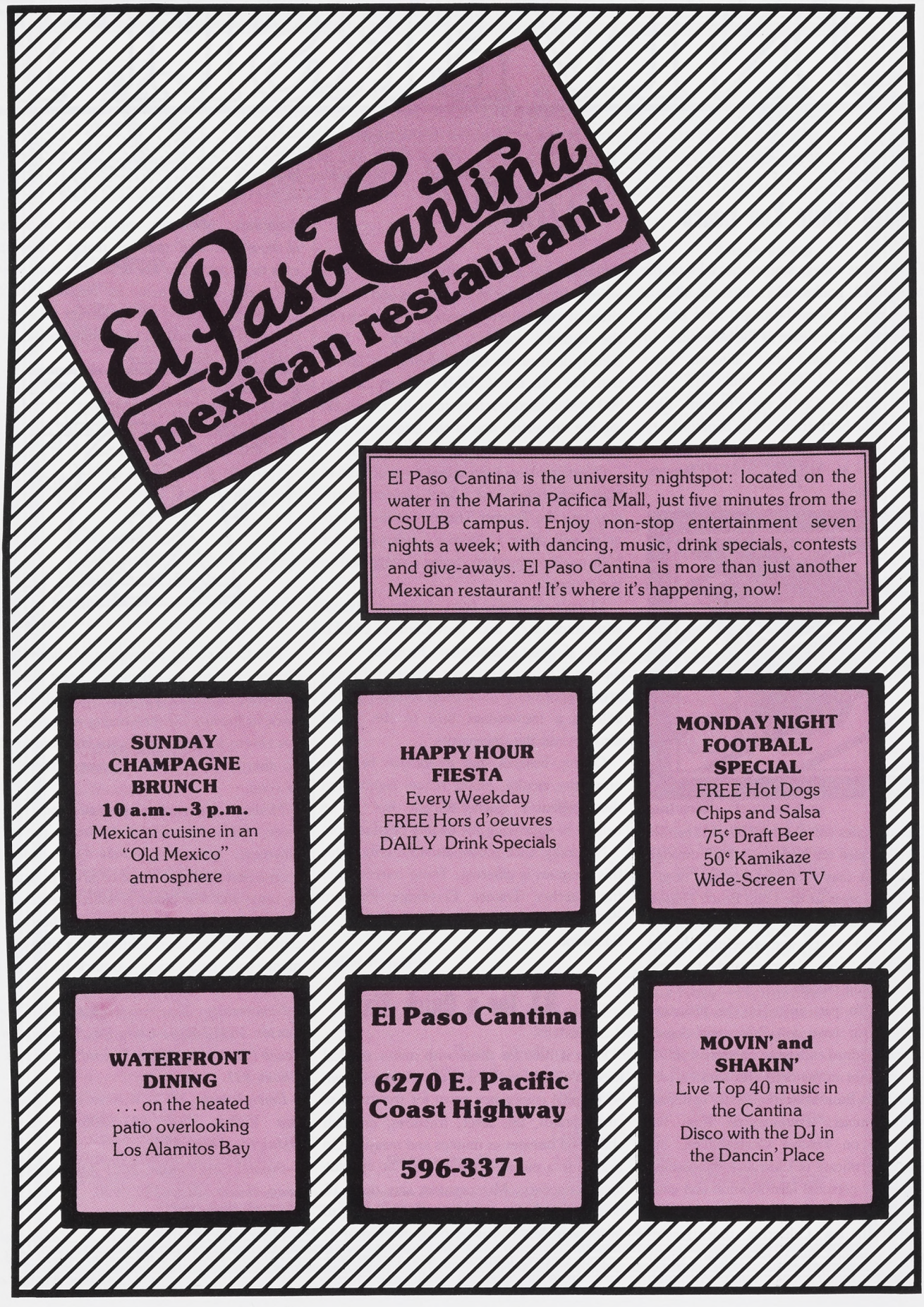
—Community Emergency Medical Care Center, 16912 Bolsa Chica Rd., Huntington Beach (714) 846-1331,6:30 a.m.-10:30 p.m. About $31.

—Emergicenter, 8970 Warner Ave., Fountain Valley (714) 841-2500, 8 a.m.-midnight. About $35.

—Prompt Care Center, 2801 Atlantic Ave., Long Beach (213) 595-3820, 11 a.m.-11 p.m. About $60.

—Urgicenter, 4316 E. South St., Lakewood (213) 531-2865, 8 a.m.-9 p.m. About $35.

—Mela Arellano


El Paso Cantina
mexican restaurant
El Paso Cantina is the university nightspot: located on the water in the Marina Pacifica Mall, just five minutes from the CSULB campus. Enjoy non-stop entertainment seven nights a week; with dancing, music, drink specials, contests and give-aways. El Paso Cantina is more than just another Mexican restaurant! It's where it's happening, now!
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MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL SPECIAL
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El Paso Cantina
6270 E. Pacific Coast Highway
596-3371
MOVIN' and SHAKIN'
Live Top 40 music in the Cantina
Disco with the DJ in the Dancin' Place

watch

'Tis the Season

... to be jolly. We've gathered a collection of local Southern California holiday activities to fill the void between studying and finals. Instead, fill it with cheer.



HUNTINGTON BEACH

Golden West College offers *Victorian Christmas*, a student play featuring scenes from such Charles Dickens favorites as *Nicholas Nickleby, Hard Times, David Copperfield* and *A Christmas Carol*. Dec 14, 15, 20-22 at 7:30, matinees Dec 16 and 23 at 3. Tickets available at GWC bookstore, $4 with any student I.D., $5 at the door. Goldenwest and Edinger streets, (714) 895-8150.

ANAHEIM

Disneyland's annual Christmas extravaganza, *Fantasy on Parade*, runs Dec 22-Jan 2, and all Dec weekends, at 2 and 9. Adults $14, ages 3-12 $9, under 3 free. Senior Fun Days for those 60 years and over, Thur-Fri, $10. 1313 Harbor Blvd, (714) 999-4565.

NEWPORT BEACH

The Christmas Boat Parade in this coastal community can be seen Dec 17-23 at 6:30 and 8:45 nightly. Grandstand seats are available from the Newport Beach Chamber of Commerce, (714) 644-8211, but any dock or waterfront restaurant can be transformed into a front-row seat.

Most harbor cities feature boat parades, so plan on reserving a cozy seat in a bayfront restaurant now. It's a great way to kick off the holiday season.

LONG BEACH

Another parade lights up the streets, this time on Daisy Lane between Willow and PCH, Dec 15 at 7 p.m. Houses and trees in Santa's Village on Christmas Tree Lane remain decorated for sparkling sightseeing from Dec 15-25, with local choirs and dance groups entertaining nightly from 6-7 p.m.

And while in the vicinity, view the splendidly lit homes on Naples Island and in Belmont Shore.

—Christine Cafarella

Research Rip-off

You haven't started that nagging research paper and it's due next week. Walking out to your car, you find a card under the windshield wiper that reads: "Research Assistance—14,278 topics." It seems to be the solution to your problem. Or is it?

Research Assistance is just one of a number of businesses in Southern California that sells academic papers to anyone who has the cash. Operating under the guise of assistance organizations, they are legally able to sell papers to students across the country.

So far it sounds all right. A quick phone call informs you that you can buy a paper for $6 a page, written by a specialist in the field with an advanced academic degree. If the subject is not on file, they will write one for you at the bargain price of $84.

With a sigh of relief, you tell yourself that getting off the hook is worth forking over $120 for a 20-page paper. However, consider this before driving downtown to your benefactor's headquarters: we obtained two pages of a Research Assistance paper on Anthropology and had them evaluated by CSULB Anthropology professor Adrian Novotny. He found it gave wrong definitions and didn't have any grasp of the subject. He concluded the paper had obviously been written by someone other than an anthropologist. He went on to say he doubted the author had ever taken an introductory course in the subject.

So maybe buying that paper wasn't such a hot deal after all, but what the heck—you turn it in anyway. At least you feel lucky now that you'll live through your class to get a

(continued on page 38)



SKI CLUB
WINTER 84-85

Sun Valley

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$439 R/T air

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- February 15-18, 1985
- 3 nights at Brianhead hotel
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- March 30-April 5, 1985
- 5 nights in luxury condominiums
- R/T via luxury bus
- 5 day lift pass

$264

LH 151 or contact officers:

Kathy Spehar, Pres. (714) 848-1185
Jim Laurence, V.P. (213) 431-5208
Carrie Baker, Sec. (213) 866-1890

Buss Ride to Oblivion

The Year Our Roundballers Hit Rock Bottom

By Tom Vasich

High above the empty seats on the west wall of the Long Beach Arena, the basketball home of the California State University, Long Beach 49ers, hang eight gold Pacific Coast Athletic Association championship banners. They stare bemused at the action below, remembering a program that once was, and in a sense, haunt the program that is.

The banners represent the golden years of 49er basketball, when CSULB captured eight straight PCAA titles. For 12 years, from 1968 to 1980, the 49ers had one of the outstanding basketball programs in the nation, winning 268 games, losing only 99. Only nine other Division I Universities scored more victories. Twice CSULB clashed with eventual NCAA champion UCLA in the 1971 and 1972 Western Regionals finals. In 1971, the 49ers lost to the Bruins 57-55 in a tense, hard-fought struggle. CSULB qualified five times for the NCAA tournament and appeared once in the National Invitational Tournament. The 49er program produced 13 All-Americans and 19 draftees for professional teams, including four first-round National Basketball Association selections. CSULB entered the 80 s as one of college basketball's true giants.

Then 49er basketball fortunes abruptly changed. After two losing seasons, with only 12 and 13 wins in 1981 and 1982, the program hit rock bottom in the following season. The 9-19 win-loss record was the worst in 17 years. But that was only part of the sad story. Controversy and innuendo shrouded the volatile season, which saw the mysterious exodus of two assistant coaches, the threatened transfer of three talented freshmen players, and the surprise resignation of first-year head coach Dave Buss. A once-proud 49er program that drew as many as 12,987 spectators to a 1973 game saw average attendance figures sink to 1,700. Only four of the 11 home games drew in excess of 2,000. As fan interest in CSULB basketball waned, concern by the community and school administration skyrocketed, bringing changes and a new hope that 49er basketball might return to its glory days.

This university has the reputation as the cradle of fine coaching, so Buss followed an impressive array of 49er leaders. Hired from Pasadena City College, Jerry Tarkanian inherited a lackluster sub-500 squad in 1968. He compiled a 121-20 overall record in his five seasons. From 1968 to 1974, the 49ers captured 77 straight home victories. "Tark" was a wonder-worker.

CSULB basketball players' and supporters' enthusiasm peaked during this time. "We always enjoyed ourselves," said Ed Ratleff, two-time 49er All-American and current assistant coach. "The fans we had were good fans. When we would go away to play, they would charter a bus or a plane and go, too."

In 1973, the homely, towel-chewing coach left the glory that was Long Beach for the grandeur that is Las Vegas, where he accepted the head coaching position at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas; his program has surpassed UCLA's as the west's most powerful. Replacing him at CSULB was Lute Olson, who's 1974 24-2 record and .925 winning percentage is still a school record. After that single successful season, Olson left to coach at the University of Iowa.



Last season's 49er coach Dave Buss lived up to his reputation and did indeed run his own show. But as evident by the epidemic of empty Long Beach Arena seats, it often was the best kept secret in town.

But then coaching changes are always a part of the game. Dwight Jones took over the next season. Although his 1977 squad won 21 games and qualified for the NCAA tournament, the 49er program began to slip from the limelight. The 1977 PCAA title was the last championship the 49ers captured.

When Jones's contract was not renewed, the famed Tex Winter came to Long Beach. The 1959 "Coach of the Year" had previously led teams at Marquette, Kansas State and Northwestern before coming to the International City. Winter's 49ers tenure reached its peak in 1980, when his team won 22 games and landed an NIT bid. After two losing seasons in 1981 and 1982, Winter resigned.

Forty-Niner Athletic Director Corey Van Fleet conducted a nation-wide search to find a first-rate coach to succeed Winter. After interviewing close to 30 candidates, the list was narrowed to a select few. Among those Van Fleet and his staff interviewed were: Ron Palmer, Long Beach Poly High School; Tim Sweeny, Lakewood High; Paul Landreaux, El Camino Community College; James Boyce, Eastern Michigan University; Ralph Underhill, Wright State; Gary Colson, New Mexico; and Buss, Tarkanian's UNLV assistant and a former head coach at Wisconsin-Green Bay.

Interviews were conducted with all the secrecy of a papal succession. The Long Beach *Press Telegram* speculated that Underhill was the early favorite because his Wright State team had won the Division II National Championship the year before. Colson also became a leading candidate. "The Shadow," a *Press Telegram* columnist, predicted Ratleff would be the new CSULB coach, although the 49er assistant had never been interviewed. Clearly, no one but the selectors had any idea who would be hired.

Associate Athletic Director Bob Donlan, who took part in the selection process, said some problems arose. The university coaches clearly had an advantage during the interviews. "It's much easier to talk about what you've done than what you're going to do," said Donlan. The department wanted to interview Bill Fraser, the Long Beach City College coach, but he could not be reached. When Fraser was finally contacted, the selection was nearly decided, so he declined an interview.

At an April 8, 1983, press conference, Van Fleet announced a "New Era in Long Beach Basketball." Dave Buss, the chubby-faced 45-year-old man with a sandy-brown mop of hair, was hired. He had been highly recommended by his mentor, Tarkanian.

Although praised, Buss also carried the reputation as a difficult man to work with. He was known to be intense and abrasive—a man who insisted on things being done his way. "We had gotten a good look at both sides of Dave Buss," Donlan said. "To evaluate personnel, you have to look at some of the bad with some of the good."

Although fired in 1982 from Wisconsin-Green Bay, Buss had been a very successful coach there. From 1969 through 1982, he commanded his teams to a 271-102 record. His 1979 squad reached the NCAA Division II finals and he received the division's "Coach of the Year" honors. But ultimately, his inability to get along with the Green Bay ad-

The 49ers' Fine Nine

JOHN RAMBO: Rambo still holds the 49er records for the most free throws in a season (1964-65) and career. In 1965, he became the first CSULB player to be drafted into professional basketball. While attending school here, Rambo was the 1964 NCAA high jump champion and went on to win the bronze medal in that event in the 1964 Tokyo Olympic Games. Rambo resides in Long Beach; he founded and currently operates the Southern California Outreach for Youth, Inc., working closely with over 2,000 kids. Employed by General Telephone for the past 15 years, Rambo works in the firm's public and community relations department.

SAM ROBINSON: A 49er All-American in 1970, Robinson was the 1970 No. 1 draft choice of the old ABA's Miami Floridians. In his two seasons, Robinson averged 9.1 points per game. He now works as a weightmaster for Proctor and Gamble and lives in Long Beach.

GEORGE TRAPP: In 1971, this CSULB All-American was the first-round draft pick of the Atlanta Hawks. Trapp scored 3,353 points during his six-year NBA career, playing for both the Hawks and the Detroit Pistons. Presently, he lives outside of his hometown, Detroit, but has high hopes of returning to California soon.

ED RATLEFF: A two-time 49er All-American in 1972 and 1973, the versatile Ratleff holds six 49er scoring and assist records. He was a member of the 1972 United States Olympic basketball team that refused their silver medals after a controversial loss in the finals to the Soviet Union. The Houston Rockets' 1973 first-round draft choice scored over 2,800 points during his 5-year NBA career. Ratleff works as an assistant under Coach Palmer.

CLIFTON and ROSCOE PONDEXTER: In 1974, these All-Americans formed a potent front-line combination for Lute Olson's record-setting 24-2 CSULB squad. Clifton, a No. 1 draft pick of the Chicago Bulls, scored 778 points in 200 NBA games. Roscoe was also a high NBA draftee (Boston Celtics' third choice). Both still play professional basketball—in Italy. During their off-season, they return to their Fresno home.

GLENN MCDONALD: Another CSULB All-American, McDonald, along with Clifton Pondexter, was a 1974 NBA first-round pick. Chosen by Boston, he played for the Celtics and the Milwaukee Bucks during his three professional seasons. For seven years he played and coached in the Phillipines' professional leagues. Like Ratleff, McDonald returned to his alma mater as an assistant coach.

MICHAEL WILEY: The 1977 PCAA Tournament MVP and 1980 All-American, Wiley holds seven CSULB records, including most points in a season (697) and career (1,962). Drafted into the NBA in 1980 by San Antonio, Wiley played two seasons for the Spurs and San Diego Clippers. He has taken a sabbatical from playing professionally in Europe and is currently working on a book about real estate at his Long Beach home.

CRAIG HODGES: Hodges, the all-time 49er assist leader, was a 1982 third-round choice of the San Diego Clippers. After the Clippers moved to Los Angeles this past summer, he was traded to Milwaukee. A reserve guard for the Bucks, Hodges is the lone CSULB alumnus still in the NBA.

—Vene Franco

ministration cost him his job. Buss then joined the 1983 UNLV coaching staff. Under Tarkanian's wing, Buss directed the offense for the 28-3 Runnin' Rebels, who held the nation's No. 1 ranking at one time during the season.

At Long Beach, Buss made his presence felt immediately. "I never met anyone like him in my life," said 6'6" forward Tony Pope, one of the three 49er freshmen who later wanted to transfer. "From day one, Buss looked like he was uptight."

Donlan observed that Buss exacted discipline from the team off the court, as well as the offensive and defensive structure on it. Those accustomed to Coach Winter's wit and ease were unprepared for Buss's intensity. According to Donlan, Buss demanded changes from his first day on campus. He wanted more funds for traveling expenses, but the money was not available. Dissatisfied with the Long Beach Arena, he proposed changes to be made that were not enthusiastically received by arena administrators.

"We couldn't provide the resources he wanted," Donlan added. "Possibly because he came from Las Vegas, he had difficulty fitting into the program. But after awhile he became very attuned to what we were doing and fit in well."

With the administrative aspects of his job smoothed out, Buss concentrated his efforts on improving the team. In doing so, he seemed unwilling to work with his assistant coach, Ratleff, a holdover from Winter's last squad. "Dave had his ideas and I had mine," confides Ratleff, speaking reluctantly of the situation. Then citing "personal differences," Ratleff left CSULB and became the head coach at El Dorado High School in Placentia.

Buss hired his own assistants, bringing in Bill Hodges, the former head coach of the 1979 Indiana State team. Hodges's team, led by current Celtics star Larry Bird, won 33 straight games, enabling it to reach the NCAA finals. Although the Sycamores lost to the Magic Johnson-led Michigan State Spartans, Hodges was chosen the NCAA "Coach of the Year." Rounding out the staff, former University of New Orleans assistant Harold Merritt, Bruce Buhrandt and Terry Schott joined Buss.

Graduation stripped away the big men, leaving Buss with a weak 49er team. Returning center 6'11" center Ivan Verbeckt was the only experienced front liner. Verbeckt listed weight was 210 pounds, but he lacked the muscle to be a force in the middle. The

Photography by Alison Wise



Under Buss's tutelage, these three talented, but unhappy freshmen, (left to right) Kennedy Dixon, Tony Pope and Darin Chambers, often found themselves with the best seats in the house: at the end of the 49er bench.

team was strongest in the guard positions. Much was expected from returning starters Joedy Gardner and Ricky Smith who averaged a combined 26 points a game in 1983.

Hired in April, Buss lacked the time to recruit players to fill the glaring holes. He did, however, sign three top-notch Winter recruits to scholarships. Pope, guard Kennedy Dixon from Lakewood High and guard Darin Chambers from Milwaukee (city "Player of the Year"), came to play for the Brown and Gold.

The 49ers opened the season against UCLA, facing the Bruins for the first time since the 1973 NCAA tournament. The team played inspired basketball, tying the score at halftime. The highly ranked Bruins surged, sagged, and then held on for a six-point victory. In its first effort, Buss's squad performed commendably. Optimism rose. An overtime victory against the University of San Diego followed, keeping the surprised and elated athletic department's hopes high. "When we hired Dave, we told him he'd be lucky if he won five or six games," Donlan said.

The department's low expectations materialized. The Long Beach team proceeded to lose eight of its next ten games, including its first three conference contests.

Meanwhile, Buss's coaching staff was disintegrating. Although he denied any problems, Hodges simply disappeared from the Long Beach scene in early January. The athletic department said Hodges was back east recruiting. But he never returned and no recruits came in his stead. His mail, forwarded to his Florida home, was later returned to CSULB.

Hodges's disappearance mystified the squad, but Buss remained mum on the subject. "He never told us anything," complained Pope, "I thought Hodges was a good coach, but it was Buss's show and he ran it."

More grumbling followed after Hodges's departure. Merritt stated he was unhappy working under Buss and no longer wanted to coach at CSULB. Los Angeles radio station KJLH then levied racism charges against Buss; but Merritt, for his part, denied them. Although he remained with the team, Merritt served no purpose at practices and did not attend games, Pope said.

Buss's control of the team was absolute, leading one player to comment in the *Daily Forty-Niner*, "What coaching staff? There's only one coach here."

By February, 1984, Buss's alienation from the school, the team, and the community was full-blown. In the February 2 *Press-Telegram*, sports columnist Loel Shrader wrote, "One member of the Long Beach State Athletic Department said the new basketball coach would be great if we could lock him up in the gym for 24 hours so he wouldn't have to talk to anyone."

As the team continued to lose, Buss became increasingly frustrated. Donlan stated that Buss put too much pressure on himself and the team to win. Communicating became a large problem. The three freshmen, Pope, Kennedy and Dixon, assumed season-long positions at the end of the bench. Given no reason for their lack of playing time, they became very disgruntled. "I had no idea what

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BLIMP WARS

(Undeclared Variety . . . Sort of)

By Kirk Anderson



For miles around commuters craned their necks to catch a glimpse of the spectacle in the glaring summer sky. Creeping westward above the tangled traffic where the San Diego and Harbor freeways meet, three stately blimps—two famous old-timers leading a smaller but more colorful ''cousin''—dropped a trio of monstrous shadows along the pretzeled pavement below. Even for Los Angeles, it was quite a sight!

Not that it was a one-time thing. Throughout the summer of 1984 the scaled-down newcomer, splashed in red, green and white, with ''FUJI FILM'' emblazoned on its sides, could be seen tagging along after one or both of the silver and black veterans: the Goodyear Columbia and the Goodyear America. Olympic spirit and promotional instinct combined to bring about this curious meeting of tourist and tradesmen, of imitator and initiator.

With the Games now over, Goodyear continues on its long, steady course, planning a presence in the skies above the next Los Angeles Olympics, just as they had in 1932, and again this year. Fuji's blimp, however, lives on borrowed time; actually on time leased from Airship Industries of England, whose American subsidary operates the blimp. You may have seen the conspicuous airship docked at the Long Beach Airport, its sem-official base since flying across the country from North Carolina last March. But with numerous appearances from Seattle to San Diego to Las Vegas and in between, the wandering blimp still seems a mirage to many local residents and commuters.

It remains to be seen whether the Fuji airship will even be seen at all in 1985. With the lease up now, company spokesmen decline to comment on the prospect of renewal. Although Fuji has had another blimp flying over Europe since 1981, further United States operations are, well, apparently up in the air.

''We're not in the blimp business,'' emphasized Thomas Shay, manager of corporate communications for Fuji's American subdivision in New York. ''And we don't contemplate buying one. It's been very successful as a flying billboard, but we never intended it as an ongoing venture.''

Ongoing or not, the green invader's amateurishness was obvious at times this summer, and Goodyear wasn't exactly thrilled about being tailed repeatedly by the Fuji blimp.

''Personally,'' said Bob Urhausen, Goodyear's public relations director at their Gardena launch site, pausing to pick his words carefully. ''Well, you've got to remember that we've been doing this for sixty-some years and it's not that I mind another airship, because I think it's great that the interest is there.

''But it just gets a little annoying when we have a base of operations here. I'm always available. They're never available.''

Urhausen has felt that irritation aloft. ''They'll be flying right around us while I've got press there, and I worked very hard to get that press. Why, they just fly next to us and they get the press, too!''

Goodyear pilots, however, are not instructed to avoid or evade the pesky blimp. Urhausen adds that relations ''are very friendly.''

Another controversy stems from Fuji's role as an official Olympic sponsor. Planning to take full advantage of their sponsorship coup over Kodak, Fuji went a step further and offered its blimp for use by the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee. The LAOOC readily accepted, but then informed Fuji that, because of an International Olympic Committee bylaw forbidding advertising over Olympic venues, Fuji's logos would have to be removed from the blimp. Even though Fuji had prepared for that possibility by putting its name on the blimp in decals, Shay said they had hoped it would be overlooked. Instead, Fuji swallowed hard and stripped its name from the ''flying billboard.''

The typical six-minute public service message flashing across the nightsign is programmed with approximately 40 million pieces of on-off information. Each piece controls a segment of the message's color, motion, density and speed.

But Goodyear, in what Urhausen termed its ''official, unofficial'' Olympic function as aerial traffic watch for the Los Angeles Police Department and media platform, was not asked to cover its name, even though it worked in virtually the same locations as the Fuji blimp. ''Goodyear shouldn't have been,'' insisted Urhausen. ''That would be like asking that the stars be removed from the flag. I mean, we've been around too long.''

For the upstart Fuji blimp though, only the paint appeared to have been around too long. Its flashy color scheme, constantly under the intense Los Angeles sun, began fading out just prior to the Olympics, according to many observers. Shay says Fuji was unaware of the problems with the paint.

Urhausen contends their choice of paint was ill-advised. Neither Fuji nor Airship Industries ever asked Goodyear for blimp-related tips, even though, Urhausen said, ''we're the ones with all the information.''

As for the paint fading, that could soon be irrelevant. If Fuji doesn't pickup the lease, the blimp will be painted something else anyway.

Goodyear repaints its blimps every year, according to Urhausen, one half at a time. The underside's night message-board must have each of its 7,560 lightbulbs individually painted. Then the rest of the ''bag'' gets a fresh coat. Goodyear's silver paint has an added advantage—it warms the helium inside and gives the blimp lift.

Airship Fuji, about 30 feet shorter, has no nightsign. In fact, to accommodate its nightsigns, Goodyear blimps had to be lengthened from the same size as the Fuji blimp.

But it isn't all in favor of the heavyweights. With its smaller size and state-of-the-art vectoring engine, Fuji's blimp has the advantage of better lift, plus more speed and maneuverability. Fuji also has another edge which it hasn't yet been able to take advantage of. It has a larger gondola than Goodyear's and can accommodate ten passengers and a two-pilot crew, while Goodyear's carries only six passengers and one pilot. Unfortunately for Fuji, its blimp was not certified to carry passengers by the Federal Aviation Administration until October. Even now, the practice is limited to corporate clients, and FAA authorization is on a day-to-day basis.

On the other hand, Goodyear has carried sightseers for two decades, each of the four blimps handling approximately 8,000 riders a year. Nearly all passengers are Goodyear clients; the most the general public can hope for is a ride on Goodyear tires.

Comparisons aside, because of their low flying speeds, blimps are the only aircraft licensed by the FAA not requiring seat belts. The 45-degree-angle ascent keeps everyone firmly in their seats.

''It's fun,'' Urhausen says of the passenger rides. ''It's like Disneyland—people get excited the moment they arrive. And when we land, they can't get over it. One lady told me it was better than a

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Illustration by Roger Mejia


ROSARITO BEACH

For a Fistful of Pesos ...

Baja's Road to Rosarito

By Andrew K. Murray

I had to do it. Never mind that I had just lost my job, was low on funds, and my friend with the free beach house canceled out at the last minute ... I was going to Mexico.

My girlfriend Krista, now my wife, had been bubbling with excitement ever since that month back when I suggested a weekend in sunny Baja. The fact that she wasn't a ''throw-your- bag-on-the-ground-with-the-stars-for-your-roof'' kind of girl didn't help my dismal predicament one bit. With free lodgings in Rosarito suddenly gone, I knew my anemic wallet and I were doomed to pick up the tab for two days of lobster, margaritas, and ''room service, please.'' I could see myself eagerly asking some sleepy-eyed Mexican innkeeper, ''Do you take VISA?''

''Oh, no, senor,'' he would reply. ''Gringos don't need visas en Mexico! Weel you pay en dolares or pesos?''

It wasn't doing any good worrying about it, so, keeping my poverty a secret, I climbed behind the wheel of her dad's Datsun and headed south. My strategy was simple: wait and see how far my $95 cash would go before I 'fessed up. The rates at our hotel or motel (God only knew which one it would be) would probably flush me out on the spot. I could only hope ....

Illustration by Rebecca Laing

Well, it turned out my fears on that first trip to Rosarito five years ago were groundless. The $95 was more than enough for a nice hotel room, four meals (one a lobster dinner) and gas on the way home. Best of all, spent wisely, that $95 can still finance a memorable Baja weekend for two.

Prices remain virtually unchanged in Mexico largely due to the devaluation of the peso against the relatively strong dollar. Five years ago the peso was trading at about 20 to the dollar. The now-mighty dollar fetches 200 pesos at most exchange houses.

Trading about half my tourist dollars for pesos is one of my three ''musts'' before entering Mexico today. I also purchase temporary (and necessary) auto insurance, then gas up my car.

The best place to do all three is on San Ysidro Boulevard, the last freeway exit before crossing the border into Mexico. A left or right turn onto San Ysidro is fine from dawn to dusk, but if you plan on arriving late in the evening or early morning, make a left from the exit ramp and go over the bridge to East San Ysidro Blvd.

There, respectable exchange houses, or *casas de cambio,* are open all night. I always get a tremendous feeling of satisfaction when I am presented with a bill in pesos and then whip out a fat wad of the colorful money before the shopkeeper can turn on his calculator to convert it to dollars. You see, both currencies are readily accepted in Baja, but the conversion rate varies greatly from business to business. On rare occasions it's to your advantage to pay in dollars.

For example, during my last visit to Rosarito a waiter at Pancho's restaurant actually gave us 210 pesos to the dollar. The average exchange rate, though, was between 170 and 185 to one. Barring an overnight revolution, you can't lose buying pesos at 200 to one, even if you have to bring some back and reconvert them.

More important than exchanging dollars for dineros before crossing the border is purchasing temporary auto insurance. Many American policies exclude Mexico and under Mexican law, you can go to jail if you're even involved in an accident. Several companies operate 24-hour drive-in insurance booths on or near San Ysidro Blvd. Rates are based on the declared value of your car (Allstate's rate for one-day comprehensive coverage on a

$10,000 auto is about $8).

Finally, fill up your tank in the good ol' U.S. of A. before entering Mexico. Mexico's diesel is okay, but the octane rating of the only gas sold there (Pemex) is lower than a snake's belly. Even if you hadn't planned on it, you may find yourself cruising along Baja's breathtaking coastal highway wishing you had more fuel.

Hidden just 18 miles south of Tijuana, the beachfront town of Rosarito sprawls along the Calle Libre (free road) of Baja California. In the 20-odd times I've been to Baja since that first nervous trip, the seaside resort has become my favorite weekend retreat.

The best route into Rosarito is the freeway-like Calle Cuoto (toll road). The poorly maintained Calle Libre (free road) parallels the Calle Cuoto, and will get you there too, but pay the 75 cents—it's worth it.

One reason realtively few Americans know about this Mexican paradise is its only two off-ramps are poorly marked. With speeds on the toll road often averaging 70 mph, it's literally a ''sneeze-and-you-miss-it'' town. A lot of pothole dodging on the first road can be avoided by taking the second exit, which eliminates being stuck behind a fume-spewing Mexican diesel truck on this single lane, two-mile trek into Rosarito proper.

But be careful. The second exit is, without question, one dangerous piece of highway. From the wide open speeds of the toll road, the narrow exit banks sharply after about 20 yards. You make a quick 90-degree deposit into downtown Rosarito which leads almost directly to the pink-stucco archway of the Rosarito Beach Hotel (RBH). Unless you're bunking with friends who live in town, or camping nearby on the cliffs overlooking the beach, this landmark resort is the partier's place to stay. Spirited Americans usually overflow from RBH's disco into the large terra cotta lobby. We strolled toward the varnished wooden matrix of mailboxes behind the worn, but polished, ''forties movie'' front desk to inquire about room rates. On the left we passed an ornate, unused indoor gazebo; to the right a VCR was playing *Star Wars* on a wide screen for the more sedate tourists.

The rates at the RBH have increased only a couple of dollars per night in five years. Today a room for two is only $33 a night; a suite for four (two double beds) runs $46; separate bungalows (sleeping four to six) range from $54 to $76.

Some tasty licks were heard from the lobby, so we decided to check it out. The RBH disco probably has the only cover charge in Rosarito, but the $2.75 is well-spent if you're down to meet and party with other carefree Americans. If you look over 18 an I.D. isn't even requested. Inside, a large, elevated dance floor bounced with partiers, all enjoying the sounds of a decent Baja rock band. The place was alive and jumping.

By day, the hotel offers sunbathing on a private beach or by quiet poolside. Troubadors wander among well-oiled tourists while eager attendants scurry from bar to pool with trays full of cocktails. A second glass-enclosed patio and bar (at the extreme west end of the hotel) overlooks the ocean.

Near the bar, a horseracing sports book thrives in a small corner room. Runners dash along an overhead catwalk bordering three full walls of chalkboards. Last minute changes (such as late scratches) are recorded on the appropriate boards for any of the three different tracks covered by the book.

During a recent visit, races at Santa Anita, Agua Caliente, and the Meadowlands (New Jersey) were televised on closed-circuit monitors to a small, tense crowd of bettors. Cashiers, behind counters under the monitor of their respective tracks, cordially received dollars and less often handed back dollars for tickets. Stretch calls and winners' payoffs were announced over a small, boxlike speaker. The overall effect was reminiscent of *The Sting.*

At the southern end of Rosarito Beach, the Castillo Del Mar Motel offers more intimate lodgings. Its Spanish-tiled pool, jacuzzi and seldom-used tennis court complement one of the most beautiful oceanfronts in Baja. Rooms with kingsize beds and waterbeds run about $42, suites with fireplace and wet bar, about $54, and the penthouse with two bedrooms can sleep four for only $94.

Other clean and comfortable motels include Quinta Del Mar, Rene's (great for wide screen satellite sports fans) and La Fonda.

If those rates still seem a bit steep, the wide, flat bluffs in and around Rosarito Beach offer the area's best bargain: camping. Overnight rates—$2 per vehicle. There are no facilities, so you bathe in the ocean. The best spots are K 39 (kilometers south of the border) and the campground along Puerto Nuevo. Weather permitting, both offer excellent surfing and board sailing.

Puerto Nuevo, or Newport, lies about three miles south of Rosarito and is the undisputed lobster dinner, lunch and breakfast capital of Baja. Some of the thirty or so *cocinas* offer live Pacific Lobster and it pays to see them move, so ask before you sit down to order your meal.

And they were moving at Nancy's restaurant the night six of us stopped in. We ordered a round of Coronas and two lobsters a piece. Shortly after receiving our beer, a plate piled high with a dozen red lobster arrived at the table.

Then we ate lobster until our sides ached.

One of our group, a King Henry look alike, leaned back, smiled contentedly and declared, ''No more!'' A small stream of melted butter dribbled from the corners of his wide grin. We paid the $70 check (two rounds of brew included) and waddled out the door.

Rosarito restaurants serve lobster, too, but many owners grudgingly admit that Puerto Nuevo's prices just can't be beat. For example, the complete, single lobster dinner at Nancy's (drawn butter, fresh tortillas, lemons and refried beans) was only $5.

Although the prices are slightly higher, Rosarito's several excellent restaurants offer a variety of delicious lobster alternatives. *Dallas* star Larry Hagman on occasion frequents El Nido, famous for tender steaks; just walk north of the RBH. A few blocks farther north, the immaculately clean La Mision serves such delicacies as fresh quail ($4.95) and Chateaubriand ($13.95 for two). Desserts include: crepes Suzette, banana flambe, and crepas con cajeta (a Mexican jam). Each is under $2.

And what about breakfast? you ask.

Almost every time we go to Rosarito, I somehow end up with a stomach too queasy for spicy food. That's why I go to El Yogurt Place for a delicious and healthful breakfast. Located on the Calle Libre, (near the Castillo Del Mar motel) this oasis of mellow food offers fruit-filled pancakes served with fresh-squeezed orange juice and coffee for 450 pesos (about $2.25). Or order plain pancakes, nutcakes, omelets —my personal favorite is the Gringo (cheddar cheese and mushrooms) for about $2.50. The menu is appetizing. But be prepared: service is anything but fast.

For the heartier morning belly, Pancho's, located at the north end of Rosarito, makes a tempting *machaca* for about $2.50. This flavorful shredded pork and egg dish comes with fresh, piping hot tortillas, refried beans and guacamole on request.

If you're in a romantic mood, Califia restaurant offers a champagne Sunday brunch for only $5 and the most picturesque ocean-

side dining in Baja. Just follow the spouting whale sign from the Calle Libre, south of Rosarito.

After breakfast a terrific lunch awaits you at Pedrin's, one block north of La Mision. The clam chowder is tremendous. For $1.50 you get a large bowl of thick soup with loads of tender Baja clams. Fresh homemade bread with an interesting cheddar spread is included in the price of the soup. The pizza—yes the pizza—is loaded with huge gobs of cheese. My recommendation: try the Pedrin's Special. For afternoon sports buffs, Pedrin's lounge has three satellite-linked televisions and excellent 16-ounce strawberry margaritas.

But before you sip that icy cocktail, a final word on Baja drinking and dining: be sure you drink only bottled or purified water. It's no insult to ask for it, and most restaurants serve it automatically. Also, check if purified water was used to make the ice.

You've eaten yourself through dinner, then breakfast and lunch. One way to work off some megacalories in Rosaritos is horseback riding. *Caballeros* wait beside the Calle Libre just north and south of town with strings of ponies. The average price for a trot on the beach is about $4.

A less effective, but far more common, form of exercise is curio shopping. Along with the usual colorful pottery stands along Baja's Calle Libre, a few honest-to-God craftsmen still sell their wares in Rosarito. On the short entrance road into Puerto Nuevo, we found merchants selling oil paintings, stained glass pieces (double lead lining), and assorted textiles (blankets, T-shirts, etc.). A finely crafted, etched glass jewelry box for my wife cost $3.50.

Farther north of K 29, La Carreto Curios offers exquisite carved wood and paper mache pieces at bargain prices. Owner Miguel Lopez says, "If we don't have it, we'll make it!"

You'll find other interesting curio stands near southern Rosarito. Tiki Curios sells beautiful driftwood and seashell windchimes for $2.50, while Anita's has the best prices on blankets and fireworks. The plump and smiling Anita has wide selections of both.

Avoid the curio shops in Rosarito proper—they've got a higher overhead. And, yes, haggle for a better price at will. The basic "fishwife approach" works well—except at hotels, bars and restaurants. The first price is seldom the last.

No need to haggle at the downtown Calimax supermarket. Here you can find a full liter of Kahlua for under $6, so why press it? The brewery outlets or *sub-agencias* of Rosarito are your best beer bet. A case of cold Coronas goes for about $6.50.

If by Sunday morning, like many other Americans, you begin to feel the tug of job or school responsibilities awaiting on Monday, don't leave until dusk. On most weekends, the cars begin to back up at the border as early as 8 a.m.; by noon you can wait 1 ½ to 2 hours. When you do return, be sure to take the toll road again. It's generally a faster and safer route home and the roads are well-marked. Don't forget, you can only bring back one quart of alcohol per person. If caught with more, you're fined and customs agents dump your booze down the sink before your very eyes.

By the way, if you are stopped for an inspection while crossing the border, remember this: by the time the dull-faced customs agent says an indifferent "hello," you've already made it back to the good ol' U.S. of A.

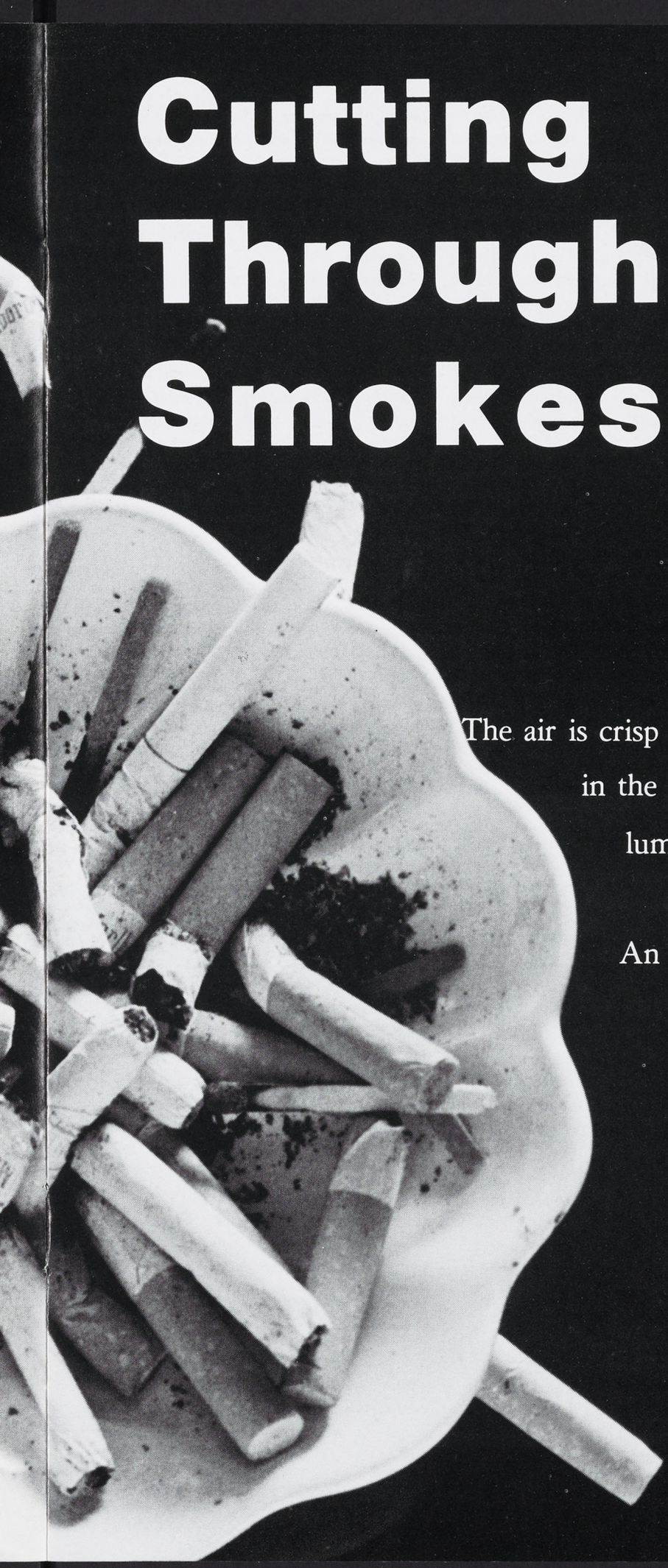
After every weekend trip to Rosarito Beach, and this one was no exception, I wind up with the feeling that two days are never enough. Just when I begin to settle into the relaxed pace of this beautiful seaside resort, it's time to leave. So do yourself a favor—go for a week.





Photography by Sam Gangwer

Cutting Through the Smokescreen



By David Kogok

The air is crisp and cool—just what you'd expect in the mountains. A tall, rugged-looking lumberjack-type struts to the edge of a sparkling clean lake and pauses. An inspired look illuminates his face. He reaches into the pocket of his Pendleton wool jacket, pulls out a pack of Marlboros and smiles directly into the camera. Welcome to Marlboro country.

FADE OUT:

CUT TO:

A withered shell of a man shifts to his side in a jacked-up hospital bed, trying without success to find a more comfortable position. He lost one lung to surgery; the remaining one is diseased to the point where it is no longer capable of keeping up with his body's oxygen demands. Suddenly, in the midst of an uncontrollable coughing spasm, he leans forward and gasps for what he knows could be, quite literally, his last breath.

These two scenes, so startlingly different, offer a classic case of illusion versus reality. The former is the product of a powerful, influential industry which, through sophisticated advertising, attracts consumers to a habit promising good company and good times.

The latter scene, unfortunately, is a frighteningly common, concrete occurrence—the result of a consuming addiction that too often leads to major discomfort, serious physical impairment and death.

Approximately 340,000 Americans die each year from the effects of smoking, and millions more live on with crippled lungs and overstrained hearts.

So, why do people smoke cigarettes?

The tobacco industry spent $1.5 billion in 1983 to convince the public that cigarette smoking enhances the quality of life. They say, "You've come a long way, Baby." And the joys and benefits of smoking far outweigh the risks. So what if there's a written warning on the side of each pack? We're too smart and with it to believe a doomsday warning from some government sponsored, spoil-sport scientists, right?

Wrong. These warnings are the results of intense research and study by such groups as the American Lung Association and the American Cancer Society. The notion that cigarette smoking kills is not a theory. It's a proven fact.

According to the American Lung Association, the U.S. Surgeon General has proven that smoking just one cigarette can speed up your heartbeat, increase your blood pressure, upset the flow of blood and air in your lungs and cause a drop in the skin temperature of your fingers and toes. That's just from one cigarette. Imagine the effects from inhaling one or two packs a day for twenty or thirty years.

Cigarette smoking does cause cancer. Ongoing studies by the National Cancer Institute show 25 percent of all cancers, including 75 percent of all lung cancers, are smoking-related. Smokers are also more likely to develop cancer of the mouth, pharynx, esophagus, pancreas and bladder. Smoking is a major cause of heart disease; it is also linked to emphysema, gastric ulcers and chronic bronchitis.

The list of smoking-related hazards goes on. Pregnant women who smoke are prone to serious risks, according to the American Lung Association. Smoking mothers-to-be are much more likely to experience miscarriages or stillbirths than women who do not. Smoking during pregnancy also alters the fetus's heart rate, blood pressure, oxygen supply and acid balance.

Another issue receiving much attention lately is the dangers associated with "second-hand smoke," the free-floating smoke inhaled by non-smokers. According to the American Lung Association, second-hand smoke contains higher concentrations of noxious compounds than the smoke inhaled by the smoker—as much as twice the tar and nicotine and five times the carbon monoxide. This smoke is especially dangerous to asthma sufferers and others with breathing difficulties.



The expense associated with cigarette smoking and its aftermath is also staggering. Not only do smokers spend in excess of $17 billion on tobacco products yearly, a 1984 study by the American Council on Science and Health (ACSH) concludes in the twenty years since the release of the Surgeon General's Report, the American public has incurred in excess of $930 billion in cigarette-induced medical costs. These figures represent the health care costs and productivity lost due to cigarette-induced cancer, cardiovascular disease and chronic lung disease. As a means of public protest, this year the ACSH sent a bill to the six major United States cigarette manufacturers and their lobbying organization, the Tobacco Institute. The bill demanded that each living American be paid $3,959—their proportional share of the "damages" caused by smoking.

So with clear-cut warnings on cigarette packages, coupled with horrifying statistics, the question becomes all the more urgent. Why do so many people continue to practice an obviously expensive, life-threatening habit?

Ah, but there's the key word: habit. Contrary to popular belief, many cigarette smokers do *not* enjoy smoking and may, in fact, detest it. The American Cancer Society states nine out of 10 smokers say they would like to quit, but either don't know how or have already tried—and have failed.

For many, it isn't just a question of clinging to an annoying habit because it's comfortable. Cigarette smokers are constantly subjected to some very compelling physical and psychological dependencies.

According to the Surgeon General, an addiction to nicotine is the hardest dependency for someone to overcome—far more addicting than caffeine, alcohol or other chemical substances. Dr. Richard Lussier, a CSULB health science instructor, says a smoker who quits "cold turkey" may continue experiencing a physical dependency on nicotine for up to three years after his last cigarette. Likewise, a psychological dependency (chain-smoking in times of stress, boredom, loneliness or depression) prevents many from quitting. It's an extremely frustrating experience for those who really do want to quit smoking but don't know where to turn.

Linda Pape, Senior Pulmonary Rehab Therapist at St. Mary Medical Center in Long Beach, works with chronic lung disease patients. One of her primary objectives is helping her patients overcome their smoking addiction.

"People use cigarette smoking both as a stimulant and a relaxant," says Pape, who quit smoking nearly two years ago. "We try to get our patients to analyze why they smoke. Once we identify the motivations behind a patient's smoking habit, we're able to help him choose the right method to break that habit."

She adds that smoking fits well into whatever mood someone is in at the time. And there's also the loneliness factor. Many people she works with are older, single or

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Morning has broken and backs are bending

Photo Essay by Carol Worthman



Practice is at 5:30 a.m., six days a week. It's dark. It's cold. And there's plenty of yawning. To get the racing edge, rowers on the CSULB crew teams follow a disciplined regimen of not only dawn practices at Alamitos Bay, but exercise off the water as well.

"You're this close, Bender! You can do it! Come on, Bender! Good girl!" coaches Cheryl Olafson as fellow rower Debbie Bender clenches her teeth and struggles to lift the 65-pound barbell one more time.

Competition rowing is one of the most excruciating, backbreaking sports. The race, usually 1¼-miles

long, ends with the rowers physically spent, muscles on fire and faces reflecting their agony. The race itself lasts only minutes. But hours upon hours of training have earned crew the title of "Most Grueling Sport on Campus."

Perhaps the most punishing training tool is the ergometer—a machine that simulates the strain and pain of rowing. It tests the crewman's power and endurance. They say that after only a minute of the "erg" they're in agonizing pain.

But for some, the desire to row isn't sufficient to face the harsh reality of the sport. Physical education major Sandy Blazer claims in the first week she picked out eight women "who wouldn't make it; the ones who wore makeup to practice."

What draws some to crew, what holds them? "This sport is for people who have a lot of drive," says Blazer. "I love rowing. I come at sunrise and sunset and I lift weights at night. I think about rowing 24 hours a day. I spend two hours a day rowing, five hours a day exercising and 15 minutes a day studying."

The seduction of sunrise gives the rowers a reason to return. Even though they see it most every day, several of the racing shells pause in surprise and appreciation as the sun's slow and showy rising turns the water around them into pink lights. "It's the ultimate feeling," says Lise Jorgensen. "You're working and sweating and the sun is rising." As the fall semester floats into December, she enjoys the reflections of peoples' Christmas lights on the water as they skim by in the cold, predawn darkness.

"What's really neat," says Jill Cooper, "is 8 a.m. classes—everyone's all tired and sleepy and you've already had your workout. I wake up on Sundays, when we usually don't practice, at 5 a.m. It's great."

Learning how to be part of a team, the camaraderie of it all, has a drawing power. "We're real close," says coxswain Kim Urata of the eight-member team she steers. "We're family. We lift weights together and win together. We eat and sleep rowing."

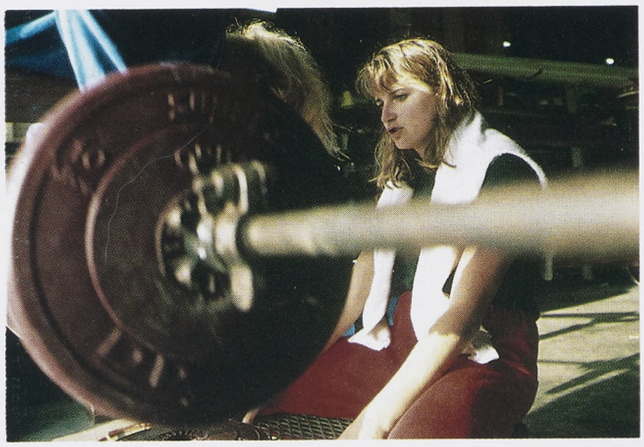
"We just really click together," says Blazer. "I expected just a workout, but I'm getting much more—a lot of friends."

The long, thin boats and the athletes powering them create a synergy of strength and elegance in the morning light. From a distance the motion looks smooth and steady and effortless. But up close you see the sweat, muscle and determination.





Seen from Belmont Shore's Second Street bridge (below), the CSULB women's eight-oar squad glides over Long Beach waters. By 7:15 a.m., their workout is over. The 64-foot, fragile and expensive ($7-$10,000) shell is made of fiberglass. Coach Barton says that good equipment is important and, though teams like Yale, Harvard and Stanford have better gear than CSULB, the 49ers do well because "a lot depends on the heart of the athletes rowing." About 150 rowers came out for crew this fall, but only 16, including the straining pair (upper left), are still setting their alarm clocks at 4:15 a.m. Land workouts, like weightlifting (upper right), and running, are also important training programs. "You make strong friendships," says Heidi Hook, with Lise Jorgenson (below right). Hook, in the yellow sweatshirt, just celebrated her birthday by being thrown into the bay—a crew tradition.







Beer Budget Holiday

By Shelley Olhoffer

Winter break. Time for a much-needed and well-deserved vacation. Don't spend next semester's funds to sightsee strange parts of the world. Adventure abounds in Southern California, so forget scaling Mount Everest or canoeing up the Amazon. Head for the hills.

Get away from smoggy, superficial Los Angeles and see the spectacular mountains encompassing the basin. How many can say they have explored the site where gold was first discovered? No—it's not Sutter's Mill. Off Highway 14 north of Sylmar, you can explore Placerita Canyon, where gold was discovered six years before the famous Gold Rush. Continue north on Highway 14 to the Vasquez Rocks, bandito refuge and location for many early Hollywood westerns.

Earthquake country. See the major source of California's shaky reputation—the San Andreas Fault. Highway N2 west of Palmdale is the route to a personal view.

What? You envision an ocean cruise, but it's too expensive and you might get seasick? Not to worry. Leave the luggage and Dramamine at home and come aboard!

Redondo Boat Rides give you the world of cruising in the safety of your own local harbor. Don't worry about getting seasick—you won't have time. A 50-minute jaunt from the Redondo Sport Fishing Pier only costs a buck. Cruising aboard a tiny fishing boat two miles out to sea offers panoramic views of the Pacific Ocean and Redondo Beach area. What could be more relaxing than a peaceful view of the shoreline?

If you're still not ready to venture onto that big vessel, try cruising Long Beach Harbor and view it instead. Your tour begins at the Catalina Cruises ticket window, located at the bow of the majestic Queen Mary. They'll point you to the boat that will travel through the main port of Los Angeles. Bring the camera and capture on film those mysterious oil islands you've previously only glanced at from the shore. On this two-hour tour, you'll also pass by the dome that houses the Spruce Goose. Enjoy the brisk breeze as you take in the Long Beach skyline.

Redondo Boat Rides, Redondo Sport Fishing Pier, 233 N. Harbor Drive, Redondo Beach, (213) 372-3566. Daily, 10-4. Adults $1, children $.50.

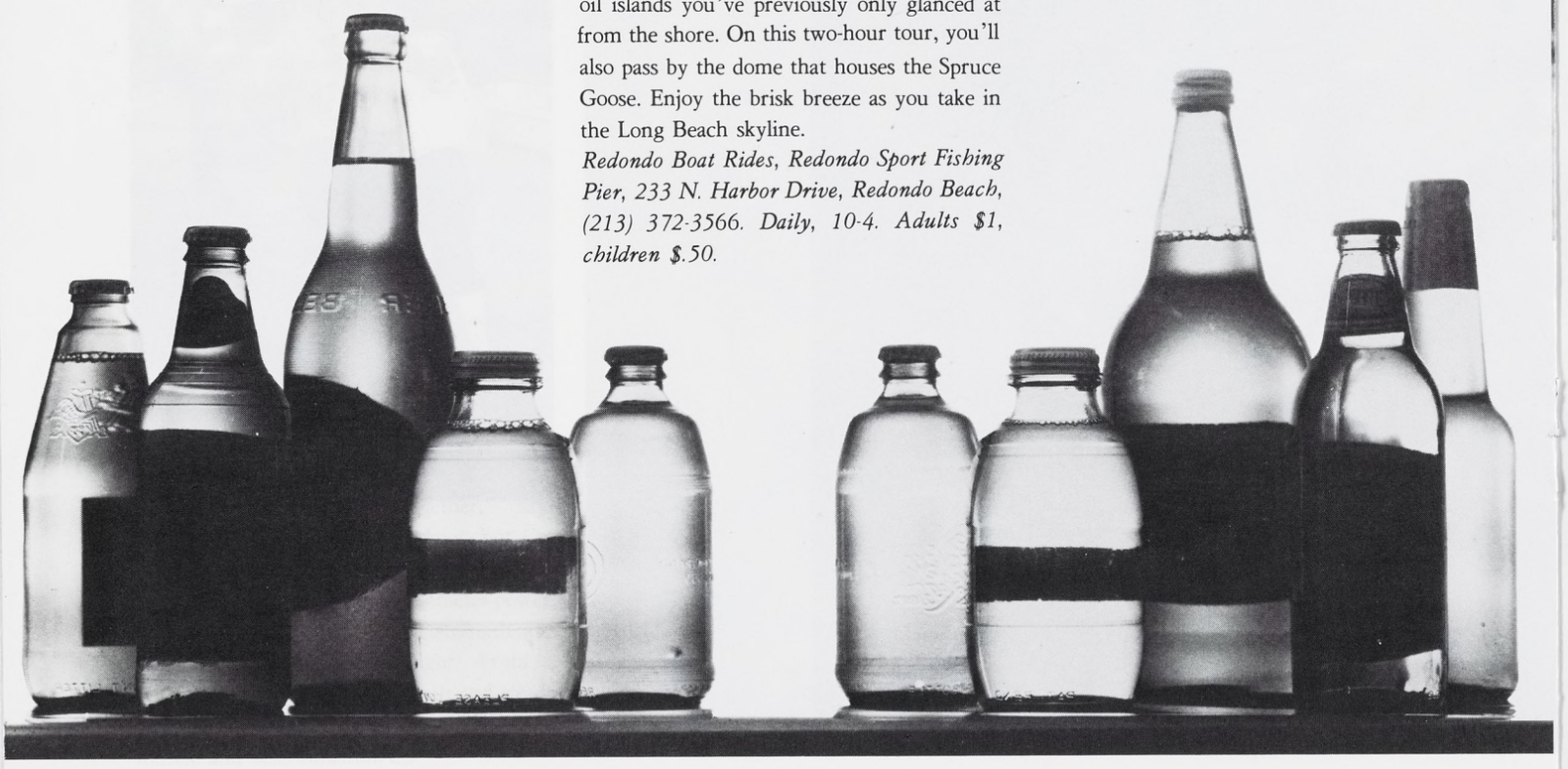
-Long Beach Harbor Tour, bow of Queen Mary, Port of Long Beach, (213) 775-6111. Daily, noon and 2 p.m. Adults $6, ages 5-11 $3.75.

If you're the kind of person who desires something more offbeat and colorful, fasten your seatbelt.

Okay, so your trip to Italy fell through. You just didn't make the expected profit from book-buy-back. No problem. Experience the essence of Italy right here in Long Beach.

Catch a gondola in Seaport Village and glide along three miles of water through the canals of Naples and the surrounding bays. On board, you'll find pasta salad, cheeses and bread. You'll need to supply the Asti Spumante, but the wine bucket, glasses and ice are provided. To enhance the ambiance, the gondolas feature Pavorotti on the tape decks for your listening pleasure. Or bring along a tape of your favorite. Ciao!

—The Gondola Getaway, Seaport Village,



An Urban-Suburban Safari

Photography by Scott Manchester

140 Marina Drive, Long Beach, (213) 430-6860. 24 hours a day, daily, $40 a couple, $10 each additional person.

If it's raining on your gondola parade, why not brighten the day with jewels? Start on Stuart Street in Santa Monica with a guided tour of the Gemological Institute. A personal guide will open up the wonderful world of gems and answer your questions.

After this, take in the Natural History Museum on Exposition Boulevard. There's an entire section devoted to gems and minerals. Complete your tour with a stop at the Los Angeles Jewelry Mart, where your can apply your accumulated knowledge and drop a few of your book refund bucks.

—Gemological Institute of America in Santa Monica, 1660 Stuart Street, Santa Monica. (213) 829-2991. Mon-Fri, 10:30-2:30 Free.

—Natural History Museum, Hall of Gems and Minerals, 900 Exposition Blvd., Los Angeles. (213) 744-3411. Tues-Sun, 10-5, adults $1.50, 5-17 and students 75 cents. First Tues. every month free.

—Los Angeles Jewelry Mart, 1933 S. Broadway, Los Angeles. (213) 749-7911. Mon-Fri, 9-5.

You want to travel abroad this winter? Well, it's been done, and besides, who needs the hassle of foreign languages? Taste the world in the comfort of your local Claim Jumper restaurant. All you need is an enthusiastic attitude and perhaps a bottle of Excedrin. Without worrying about packing, jet lag or voltage converters, you can personally design your own departure and arrival dates and travel at your own pace.

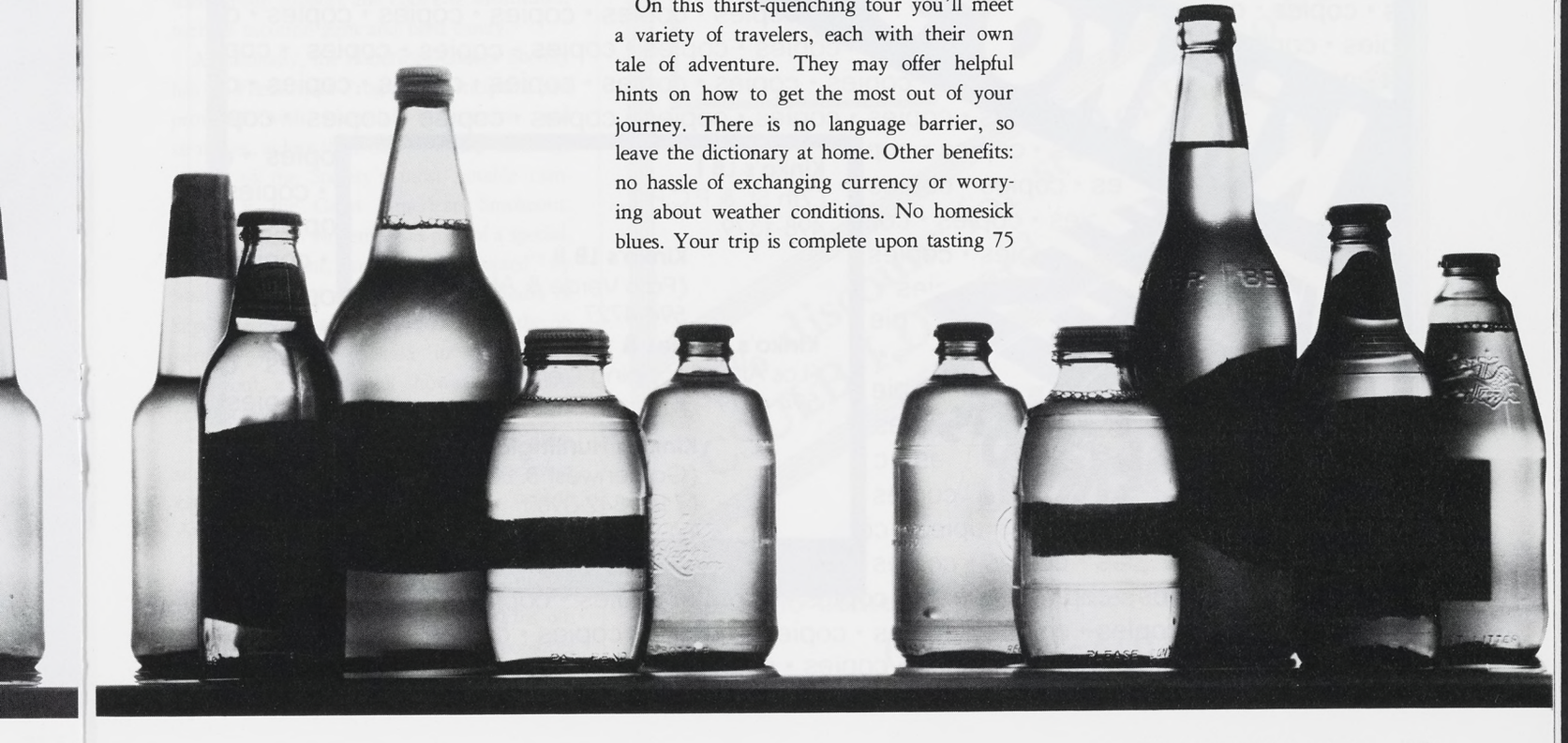
The Claim Jumper offers a world-wide choice of one hundred beers. Equipped with your own passport, travel to Yugoslavia with a Nicksieko Pivo, then off to the Orient with Kirin, and before retiring, stop "down under" for a Fosters. A waitress initials your passport as each beer is finished.

On this thirst-quenching tour you'll meet a variety of travelers, each with their own tale of adventure. They may offer helpful hints on how to get the most out of your journey. There is no language barrier, so leave the dictionary at home. Other benefits: no hassle of exchanging currency or worrying about weather conditions. No homesick blues. Your trip is complete upon tasting 75 different cultures. And, once your tour is finished, you're awarded a hat or t-shirt as a souvenir. There is no limit to how many times you can travel around the world.

This tour is forgiving. If you don't like a country, all you have to do is stop drinking. If you want to stay close to home, a limited number of domestic beers are available.

Claim Jumper restaurants located in Los Alamitos, Fountain Valley, and Laguna Hills.

You have insomnia. Don't worry, there's something for everyone in Southern California. Try a 3 a.m. visit to the Los Angeles Flower Market, and take your pick of the freshest flowers around. The flower supply may be restricted around the time of the Rose Parade, and cost is in direct accordance with availability. The sight and smell of thousands of beautiful blooms make up for missing Cal Worthington and his dog Spot.



Los Angeles Flower Market, 754 Wall St., Los Angeles. (213) 622-1966.

Can't get over Olympic fever? Now is the perfect time to participate in the Games. By waiting till winter, the fad has faded, and you've successfully avoided the crushing crowds, high costs, and the threat of terrorism. Don't worry about ordering your tickets—there aren't any. The Unofficial Games are for those who want a taste of participation. When you feel ready, cycle through the hills of Mission Viejo on the Official Olympic Route. A counter-clockwise circle beginning at O'Neill Road, continuing around to Marguerite, Cordova, Crucero, Vista del Lago, La Paz, and finishing back at O'Neill Road will test your endurance to the limit. This course is difficult, so prepare yourself with a really intense warm-up and drive around the route a few times in your car.

Ten miles north of Ventura off Highway 101, hit the water at Lake Casitas, site of the summer Olympic rowing events. Rowboat rental—$30 a day. Call the blue lake for wind conditions before setting out, sometimes the wind blows so hard they close the lake. *—Lake Casitas Park Information, (805) 649-2233. Daily 6-5, day use fee $2 per car, camping $7 a day.*

Everyone has seen murals covering the building walls in Los Angeles, but how many have seen the Farmer John Pig Murals? Take a drive up to Vernon and see pigs cavorting through meadows and along



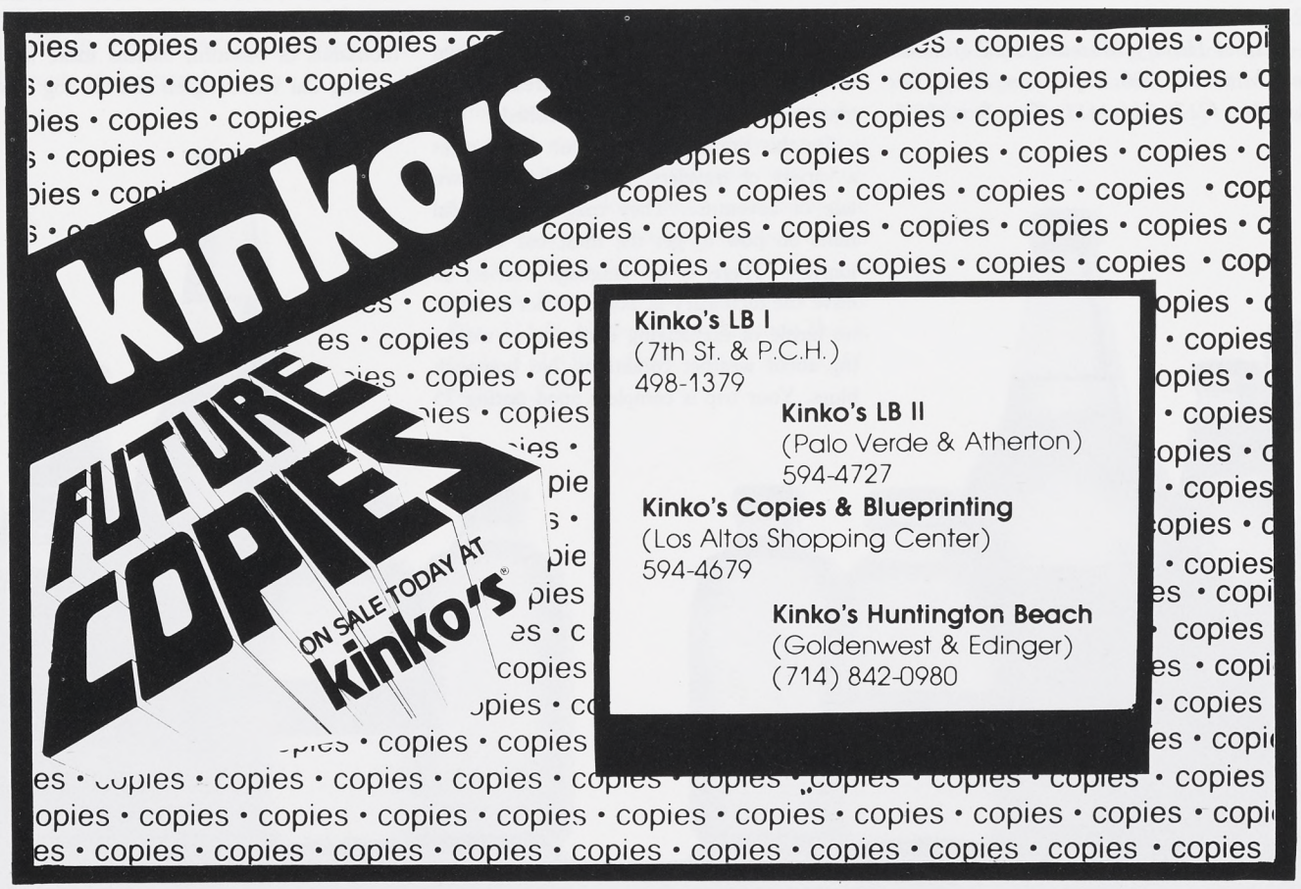
streams. *Farmer John Pig Murals, 3049 E. Vernon, Vernon.*

The finest example of Los Angeles art deco architecture around? Bullocks Wilshire. After you've worked up an appetite, relax with a cup of tea and a few finger sandwiches. ***Bullocks Wilshire Tea Room, 3050 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, (213) 382-6161, Mon-Sat, 2:30-4:30, $5.50 and up.***

If you're into artifacts and memorabilia that "make up" history, visit the Max Factor Makeup Salon. Tours daily feature the "scroll of fame," one of the largest and most complete collections of autographs. Why squeeze your feet into someone else's footprint at Mann's Chinese (formerly Grauman's)? Compare signatures instead. *Max Factor Beauty Museum and Cosmetic Outlet, 1666 N. Highland Ave., Hollywood. Free.*

The Bradbury Building, built in 1893, stands five stories high. A huge skylight fills the building with natural light. Ride one of this open-cage elevators for a bird's-eye view of this landmark. *Bradbury Building, 304 S. Broadway, Los Angeles (213) 489-1411 Mon-Sat 10-6, adults $2, children and seniors $1.*

Don't spend your whole vacation driving around in a car, see one being built instead. The Van Nuys Motors plant offers hourly tours. Dress comfortably, you'll walk through the plant, not drive. *General Motors Assembly Division, 8000 Van Nuys Blvd., Van Nuys. (818) 997-5000. Daily 9:15, free.*



smoking

(continued from page 20)

divorced; a cigarette is their companion. She's found when a habit assumes this degree of significance, it's very hard to give up.

How sympathetic are non-smokers living in smoke-filled environments? Those who don't smoke tend to be rather harsh in their judgments of those who do. But it's not fair to stereotype all smokers as thoughtless, anti-social diehards who pollute the atmosphere with no regard for others' feelings. As Lussier says, many smokers suffer with an addictive habit they don't know how to control or stop.

Various levels of government have adopted measures in hopes of helping the smoking and non-smoking populous alike. Most recently on November 9, 1984, Mayor Tom Bradley signed an ordinance restricting smoking in offices and other work-related environments (effective February, 1985). Similar ordinances are in effect in 24 cities and counties in California, including San Francisco, Pasadena, San Diego and Palo Alto. On the national level, both Congress and the United States Senate have approved bills requiring stricter warnings on cigarette advertisements and packaging.

The most vocal and successful efforts to reduce the number of smokers are by private organizations: the American Lung Association and the American Cancer Society. Both help smokers "kick the habit" with various behavior-modifying techniques: hypnosis, small-group support and cigarette substitutes, such as nicotine gum and hard candy.

Additionally, the American Cancer Society has its Fresh Start Program. Participants are provided with essential information and strategies, aiding their efforts to stop smoking.

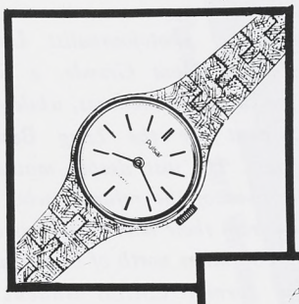
One of the Society's most notable campaigns is the Great American Smokeout. Sponsored each November as part of a special, nation-wide event, smokers are "adopted" by non-smokers and provided with 24 hours of support, advice and encouragement. Of the 36 percent who participated in last year's Smokeout, a Gallup poll showed over eight percent gave up cigarettes for the day.

This program and others like it are quite successful. The American Lung Association estimates between 30 and 40 million Americans have quite smoking since 1963.

Adopting someone and providing encouragement is more helpful than constant nagging and judgemental attitudes. This difference in attitudes could transform potential cancer statistics into individuals living satisfied, healthy lives.

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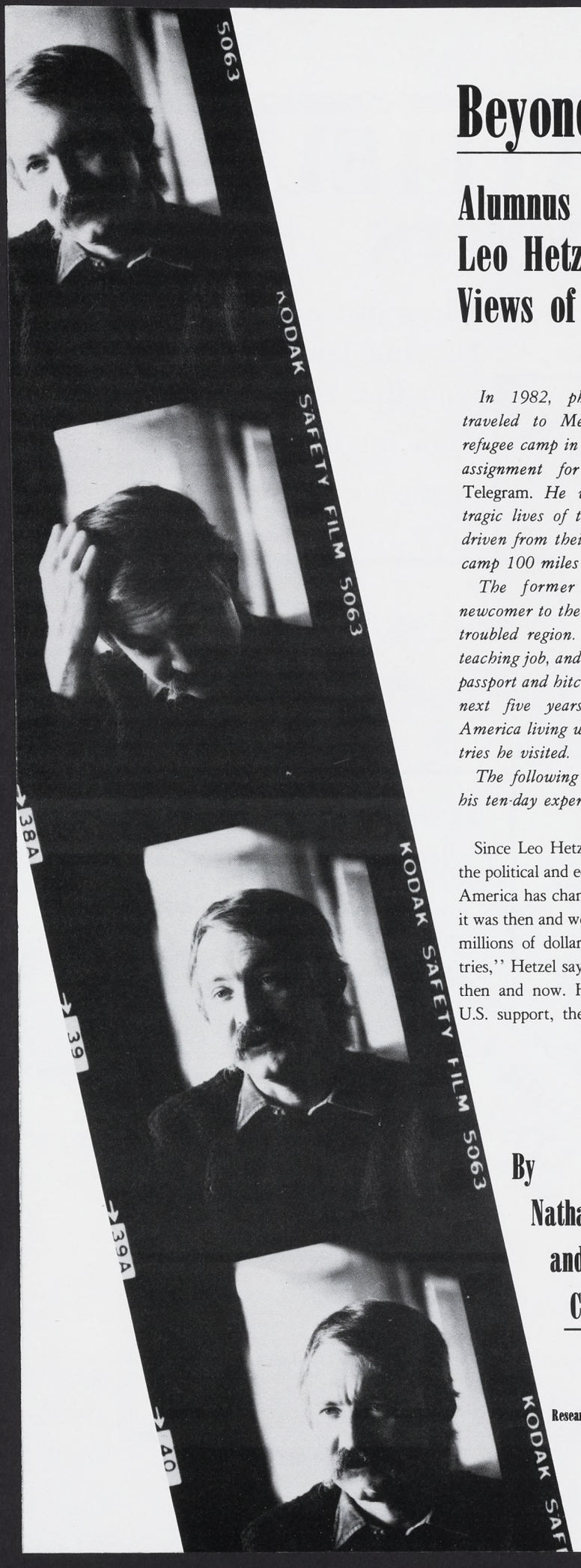
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Beyond the Camera's Eye

Alumnus and Photojournalist Leo Hetzel Shares His Views of Central America

In 1982, photojournalist Leo Hetzel traveled to Mesa Grande, a Salvadoran refugee camp in Honduras, while on special assignment for the Long Beach Press Telegram. *He was deeply moved by the tragic lives of the refugees who had been driven from their homes and bussed to this camp 100 miles north of El Salvador.*

The former CSULB student is no newcomer to the history and culture of that troubled region. In 1967, Hetzel quit his teaching job, and, unsure of his future, got a passport and hitchhiked south. He spent the next five years in Central and South America living with the people of the countries he visited.

The following is a first-hand account of his ten-day experience in Mesa Grande.

Since Leo Hetzel's last visit 17 years ago, the political and economic situation in Central America has changed. ''It's poorer now than it was then and we're (United States) spending millions of dollars in aid in all those countries,'' Hetzel says, comparing his experience then and now. He believes that because of U.S. support, the military in Honduras has become more powerful than the civilian government. This military influence has led to a shrinking of individual freedoms. ''Before,'' Hetzel says, ''I could take pictures of everything I wanted to, this time I couldn't. People told me all the time, 'don't take pictures of the military. They'll smash your camera. They'll beat you up.' ''

The restrictive atmosphere breeds tension and paranoia among local people and visitors alike. As an example, Hetzel cites his bus ride to the refugee camp. The bus stopped at military check-points five times in the eight-hour drive. During these halts, soldiers came aboard to search the vehicle and its passengers. Hetzel describes the soldiers as 15- or 16-year-olds, most of them young Indians who probably couldn't read and write Spanish. Hetzel says, ''They (Honduras government) have given them big guns and told them to watch out for the communists.'' He says it was scary to see youths with machine guns looking like they were afraid of him as they searched his camera bags, unsure of what they could find. They would point their guns at some of the passengers and tell them to get off the bus. Hetzel believes that Honduras is turning into a military state. ''Even though they say it's a Democratic government, it's debatable,'' he says.

Arriving at the United Nations-established refugee camp, Hetzel found it filled with peasants who recently fled from El Salvador. They were driven out of their homes by the Salvadoran government because ''it was an area that the rebels partially controlled and they didn't want anybody in there aiding the rebels,'' he says. ''They ran them off and then they killed all their animals so the rebels couldn't live off the land.''

Hetzel describes the camp: ''It's like a concentration camp. The people can't leave. They aren't starving, but the food isn't good.'' Daily, the refugees are trucked out to a nearby U.N. farm and watched by armed

By Nathalie Brun and Carol Worthman

Research assistance provided by Melissa Bradley

soldiers. The produce is shared. ''It's complete communism,'' he adds ironically.

While photographing in the camp, Hetzel became friends with a Honduran nurse who worked with the Catholic relief service in various refugee camps. ''She's really 'anti' what the military is doing and what's happening in her country,'' says Hetzel. ''I'm almost amazed they haven't arrested her yet.''

The nurse talked to him about the many children in the camp who had nightmares and woke up screaming. While hidden in the bushes, some of these children had seen their parents gunned down.

Hetzel tape-recorded an eight- and a ten-year-old who'd seen soldiers cut a pregnant woman open and slash the baby. They saw babies being thrown in the air and caught on bayonets. The children recounted these horror stories in a monotone.

In the camp, Hetzel met Maria, a 41-year-old Salvadoran woman, who told her story as he photographed her and her family. Before coming to the camp, they lived in a village of 2,000 people called Las Flores. The soldiers drove Maria from her home. Now she has no place to return. She and her family have only each other and the meager solace afforded by the refugee camp. ''In my life,'' she told him, 'I have seen my son shot to death by soldiers in front of my eyes. I have been beaten by soldiers who threatened the baby in my arms. I have lost my friend who was killed after soldiers raped and burned her.''

For Hetzel, Maria embodies the dignity and courage of a people struggling to survive the injustice of their war-torn country. He remembers her as a lady who is just like his mother, only poorer. Maria is a non-political, hard-working person. Her varicose veins, the size of his little finger, result from a lifetime of hard work. She doesn't like the government who did this to her and she hopes life will get better.

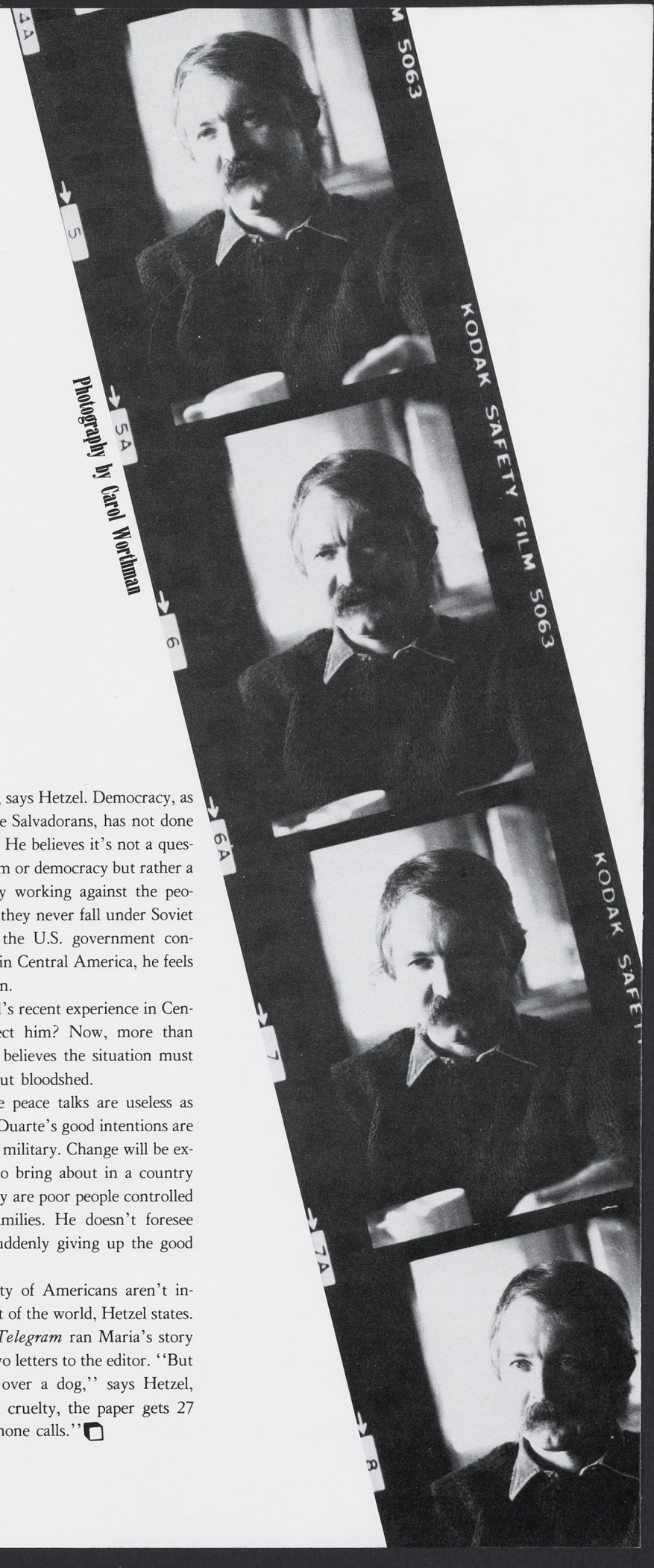
Hetzel believes the American foreign policy in El Salvador is very wrong. ''I think the people making that policy have never lived in an Indian village,'' he says with conviction. ''They have never slept on a dirt floor. They have never eaten out of the same bowl that Indians have. They have never seen people who work from sunup and come home to almost no food and kids who are dying. They don't understand the problems. We talk about democracy only if you have money.''

Communism doesn't have the negative connotation to the people of El Salvador that it has to Americans, says Hetzel. Democracy, as experienced by the Salvadorans, has not done well in their eyes. He believes it's not a question of communism or democracy but rather a dirt-poor economy working against the people. Hetzel hopes they never fall under Soviet influence, but if the U.S. government continues its policies in Central America, he feels it may just happen.

How did Hetzel's recent experience in Central America affect him? Now, more than ever, he strongly believes the situation must be changed without bloodshed.

Hetzel feels the peace talks are useless as long as President Duarte's good intentions are overridden by the military. Change will be extremely difficult to bring about in a country where the majority are poor people controlled by a few rich families. He doesn't foresee those in power suddenly giving up the good life.

But the majority of Americans aren't interested in the rest of the world, Hetzel states. When the *Press Telegram* ran Maria's story it received only two letters to the editor. ''But if someone runs over a dog,'' says Hetzel, ''or if it's animal cruelty, the paper gets 27 letters and 100 phone calls.''



One Note Samba

Fiction by Jesus Carlos Galvan

Eddies of dust, tire-chewed leaves, cigarette butts, soda straw covers and other parking lot jetsam swirled about the wide white sidewalled tires of the '57 Chevy Nomad station wagon that had just glided to an effortless stop behind Lucy's (Open 24 hours) Burritos.

The late September sun flashed on the burnished silver-tipped boot that stepped from the car. Toots Zoot, fancy dresser and jazz trumpet player extraordinaire, was back in Los Angeles. Zootboots, having known strange and foreign soil, felt reassured by the familiar patches of chewing gum and embedded bottle caps.

To eat a Lucy's famous burrito *de chorizo y huevos* was the first stop on any return to L.A. It was more than a burrito. It was a Zoot-communion with *Nuestra Senora de Los Angeles.*

"And a large Pina Colada," Zoot finished, smiling broadly at the young woman behind the order window. Raising his elbows shoulder high, he spun around and danced, circling the red oil drum trash can. L.A., what a place.

"You are the only true passion this side of madness," sobbed the Mariachi Vargas from four raspy speakers hanging in the corners of the corrugated fiberglass patio. Toots's spirit rose and fell with the doleful *gallos'* bittersweet harmony. He did a little samba as he started back to the order window.

"Senor Zoot. Oiga, Senor Zoot." A bundle of black manta wearing a Panama hat motioned to Toots from the far corner of the patio opposite the juke box.

As a jazz musician extraordinaire, and fancy dresser, Zoot dealt frequently with strangers and, with customary cool, faced the two hepatic eyes half-lurking behind the straw brim.

"Senor Zoot." As the stranger stood up his neatly rolled poncho fell to his sides.

"Ninety-eight notes remain in your tune." He made an odd sign, his hand disappearing beneath the front of his poncho as suddenly as it had appeared. He turned and shuffled away.

Stunned, Toots made no effort to stop him as he crossed Washington Boulevard and vanished aboard a crowded RTD bus.

Toots put his half-eaten burrito on the greasy, orange stained wax paper spread before him. "There's only one person who can help me understand this riddle," he said. Pushing back from the table he walked out into the ozone-filtered sun.

Leaning against the Zootmobile with MacArthur Park to his back, Toots plotted his steps along Alvarado Boulevard, past a jewelry store and watch repair shop, a bakery, Dental Clinic *(se habla espanol),* bridal shop and up two flights of stairs to the second floor. Over the Le Sex Shoppe adult book store and 25 cent movie arcade, in gold leaf the window proclaimed: Madam Sofia.

"Ahaaha," Madam Sofia's voice arched and fell. "Toots Zoot, *tantos anos,* what brings my celestial cyclone here? Love and clothes you have in abundance."

"Nothing less, Madam S., than a man in a black gunnysack and straw hat who said that my tune has but ninety-eight notes. What advice do you have for me?"

"Ay, Mil Semillas. You have been visited by Mil Semillas. They say he has sired a thousand children. *Es un brujo,* Toots Zoot, a witch doctor."

"As you know, Madam, I am a man of Spirit, a conduit of cosmic forces, an integrator of universal vibrations, a musician of the Jazz who is able to keep his cool. But I grow troubled when someone starts playing with my notes."

Illustrations by Joel Cadman


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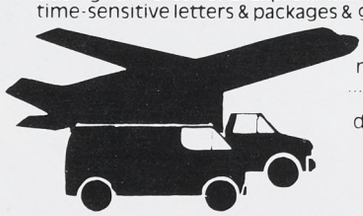
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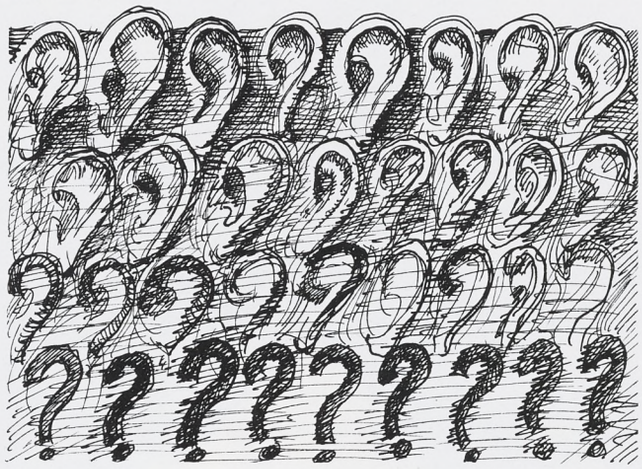
"Could you refresh me with a one-note example of your art?" asked Sofia. She raised an eyebrow and smiled with darkly stained teeth. "In exchange for this small favor that you ask."

"I have anticipated your request, Madam S., and have with me my traveling trumpet. As you know--"

"Indeed I do. And I excuse the lesser horn, although I would deem it more proper payment to enjoy the famous Silver Bihorn. Alas, I fear I will hear its song too soon."

Toots removed the instrument from his ostrich-skin shoulder bag. Closing his eyes, his head began to move slowly, forming a wave that spread down his back, bounced off his silver toes and returned to emerge as a straw colored G. A subtle autumn earth pungence filled the air, lingering after the note finished clean and dry with campanic purity.

"And now you have ninety-seven. Heed me, Toots Zoot, use them before the sun resumes its northward migration. And use them for yourself."



Zoot was nearly paralyzed by the knowledge, but not so the rest of the world. As the news spread, a reactionary shock wave threatened to make terra infirma.

Autumn passed without a note from Toots. He refused all questions. Angry, frustrated mobs had to be dispersed from record stores when Toots ordered all records be withdrawn and returned to him. Blackmarket prices soared.

Ordinarily calm citizens turned vigilantes, searching for Mil Semillas, as if the priest who gives the last rites were the cause of a death.

Downbeat reporters camped at the gates of Toots' Malibu compound with microphones the size of satellite dish antennae. International paparazzi, urban guerrilla trained, some with Jackie O. duty and thousand-millimeter teleoptic lenses, were thwarted.

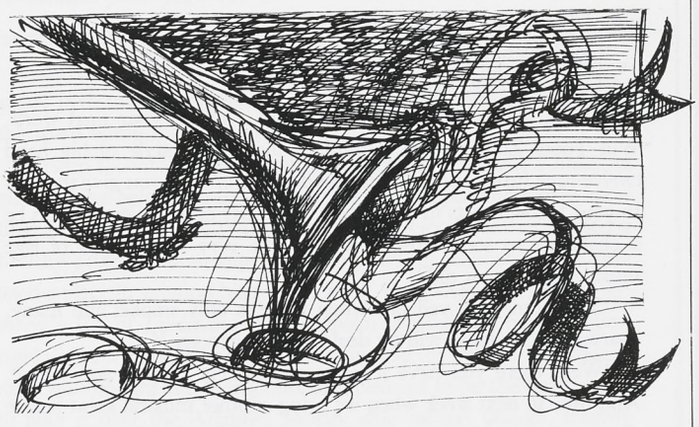
Even the *Washington Post,* which knows a good story, was silent when the C.I.A. infiltrated the Bolshoi Ballet looking for conspiracy.

When Toots finally broke silence, it was not with music, rather with a news conference about music, about his music, about what were to be his ninety-seven last notes.

"I will give a final concert two weeks from today, on December 17th. The day on which many years ago the wind first carried aloft the aeronautical notes of two young brothers. Like these two pioneers who broke the force that bound them to this earth, my music exists beyond the gravity of convention.

"I have written a work simple in its complexity and eternal in its

transience. It will be my statement on music as the key to the soul's harmony.''



''And finally on the news tonight, this from Los Angeles where one man is creating quite a commotion, Bunni.''

''Right you are, Ed. We speak, of course, of Toots Zoot.''

''And of the latest Zoot zaniness, the Toots Zoot doll. TZ Industries of Buena Park has ignited the Christmas season with its own tribute to Jazzdom's King.''

''And what an item, Ed. The soft, all-cloth dolls are selling for twenty dollars. This is the basic doll. Naturally, an extensive line of clothes and accessories is available.''

''Harried toystore clerks describe chaos, and widespread shortages have led to one major incident when a semitrailer was hijacked at an onramp to the Ventura Freeway. A spokesman for the California Highway Patrol said the truck was reported to contain 20,000 of the little dolls.''

''Hope they have a big doll house, Ed.''

''Tune in at eleven for an update on all the news and sports and part two of our exclusive report on geriatric prostitution.''

''And for all of us here at KBC-TV, this is Bunni Chung. Have a pleasant evening.''

A computer wiz in Newark programmed every song Toots had recorded, whether solo or combo, to determine the most frequently occuring note. The betting schemes that developed seemed limitless; first and last note perfectas, last two note exactas, high/low notes, progressions, crazy eighths.

The one note, the final note, what would it be? The Las Vegas odds makers gave even money on B sharp, Toots' personalized license plate and dress motto. The last note was becoming the single most bet-on event in history.

The cover of *Time* pictured a two-belled silver instrument in the lower left corner playing a single note cleverly shaped like a question mark. It loomed on the cover, many times the size of the instrument below.

Toots further retreated into the shelter of his Malibu house. The world seemed populated by strangers and distorted, as though seen through shattered glass. Madam Sofia's words echoed in his mind.

''Good evening, this is Brian Merryweather, brought to you tonight by Ultrakink, the ultra curl for the ultra girl, and by Kitchen Magic, which turns even the most unimaginative into a gourmet cook.



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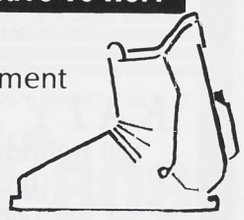
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"Tonight's guest has stirred a great deal of interest recently with his concert scheduled for tomorrow night. He needs no introduction. Let's welcome Toots Zoot.

"Good evening, Toots, it's good to see you again."

"Good evening, Brian."

"Toots, tell us about your final note, I mean, your final work. Will Toots Zoot remain faithful to his unique style of big band twelve-tone fusion, or will this be a departure? Will you give the nod to your fellow artists to expand on your body of work, or will this be a challenge to some upstart to rock the very foundations of jazz musicology as you did?"

"Yes. Some will yell fire when there is only smoke; and many, hearing the melody, will be deaf to the harmony."

"Well, there you have it Beats and Sweets. You heard it here. And tune in next week when we bring another musical great before the cameras and before you, the world, and make them 'Face the Music.' "



A solemn Toots stepped from behind the stage partition into the roar of the crowd. He looked straight ahead momentarily, then thrust the great Silver Bihorn overhead in his trademark Zootsalute.

The roar became deafening. But as the horn slowly descended to his lips, silence fell. The silence of a hundred thousand arrested breaths, the silence of a hundred thousand pairs of eyes following three fingers pumping eight notes, sixteen notes. The long, self- imposed silence was broken by thirty-two notes. Forty-eighty notes were held, transfixed, indelible in a hundred thousand thirsty souls. Measures danced and swirled about ears deaf to all but Pan's silver horn leading souls with quarter notes and triplets to the one silence. One soul, against a hundred thousand, played one dotted whole note that seemed all notes and none.

Silence.

"Ninety-six," screamed a voice into the vacuum.

"That was only ninety-six," echoed another.

The slim man in silver tipped boots gave a toothy Toots smile and lightly danced across and off the stage. It was widely claimed later that Zoot seemed to float just above the stage. Some said it was a tango; others a soft shoe or a Toots step. But no one would swear to it.

Shouts, cries, jeers, pandemonium erupted. Bewilderment, disbelief, molten anger spilled out of the stadium and into the darkening Los Angeles Basin below.

In a small, dim backstage room, the jazz musician extraordinaire stood alone in front of a mirror. No one else heard the half-note toot on his horn, B flat minor.

blimp

(continued from page 13)

hayride with Tom Selleck!''

Goodyear considers its $2-million-a-year Gardena operation a smart investment for goodwill, advertising and research. To most, the word blimp means Goodyear.

Airship technology was a key ingredient in Goodyear's financial picture long before blimp courtesy rides and appearances over sporting events. As a lighter-than-air pioneer, Goodyear has earned a healthy profit from airships over the years, in addition to assuring itself a place in aviation history. In 1911, just eleven years after Germany's Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin created the first practical rigid dirigible, Goodyear built its first airship for Melvin Vaniman, a man who bought the flying hulk and planned to be the first person to pilot it over the Atlantic. Shortly after takeoff though, tragedy struck when an engine spark ignited the hydrogen-filled bag and the airship fireballed into the ocean just off New Jersey, killing Vaniman and his crew.

By the end of World War I, however, Goodyear had established itself as a blimp leader, producing over 1,000 balloons and 100 nonrigid airships for the Allies. In 1925, Goodyear inflated its initial commerical airship with helium, becoming the first to use the nonflammable gas.

During World War II, Goodyear again answered the call of duty, building over 300 airships for the United States Navy. Goodyear's six commercial blimps were even ''drafted'' for service. As aerial escorts for convoys during the war, airships guided 89,000 ships through hostile waters without a single loss.

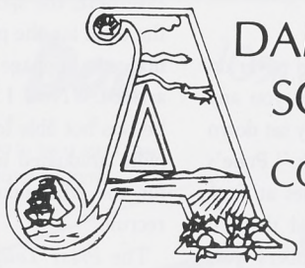
The last airship Goodyear built for the Navy—one designed for use in early-warning defense systems—was ten times larger than current blimps. Interestingly, the Navy and Coast Guard are again considering blimps for reconnaissance purposes. According to Urhausen, their fuel and manpower economy are definite plusses.

Even the word ''blimp'' traces its origin to the military. For years, it was assumed that blimp was simply a contraction of the British designation of their World War I airships: Balloon, Type B, limp. Etymologists credit a World War II British commander with coining the term after he thumped an airship bag during an inspection, then playfully imitated the sound it had produced: ''blimp!''

Call them blimps, airships or dirigibles—all are proper labels. But it's clear that Goodyear's ''blimp operation'' differs significantly from Fuji's.

The pudgy green one seems not to even have a home, though it's tethered in Long Beach. Indeed there are no Fuji facilities at Long Beach Airport—no office, no telephone, no access. Contacted at their Carson plant, Fuji personnel could only refer questions to their New York headquarters. There, one was transferred from one official to the next, each uncertain why the questions were directed his way. Even Shay, helpful as he might be, dodged most inquiries, saying ''We really don't have anyone here who can answer all those questions.''

Only two things are certain. First, Fuji's bold, flashy blimp and the silver Goodyears provided us with an Olympic traffic-stopper. Second, whether the Fuji blimp strays behind it or not, the Columbia will keep on cruising Southern California airspace for years to come.



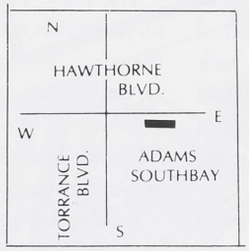
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basketball

(continued from page 11)

he wanted,'' Pope said. ''You could never do enough for him and he never gave you any reason for not playing. I never really sat down with him and had a man-to-man talk.'' Pope's unhappy parents came to the games at first, but since he never played, he told them it wasn't necessary. Dixon and Chambers were similarly disillusioned. All three announced they were transfering from Long Beach at season's end to escape Buss.

Others on the squad expressed disappointment with Buss. Smith, with his free-wheeling style of play, had difficulty fitting into the coach's patterned offense, and was yanked from the starting line-up. Possibly the most talented player on the team, he was benched for the remainder of the season. ''He took me out and never explained it to me,'' he said with a shrug. Seniors Gardner and forward Craig Lack were also critical of Buss near the end of the season.

As the 49ers struggled, the *Press Telegram* joined the fault-finders. Buss never attempted to endear himself to the locals as previous coaches had. ''His biggest problem was that no one knew who he was ,'' said Ken Pivernetz, the sports writer who had covered the team for the past five years. Pivernetz had noticed a slippage in the program before Buss arrived. ''Now I really like Tex Winter, but he was not able to recruit well. Craig Hodges (who graduated in 1982 and currently plays for the Milwaukee Bucks) was his last big recruit.''

The *Press Telegram* never chastized Buss for losing, just for his demeanor. Nevertheless, the coach was critical of what the press said of him and his team, causing Schrader to retort in his February 7 column, ''The media hasn't created problems for Buss. He created them for himself and the media reported them.''

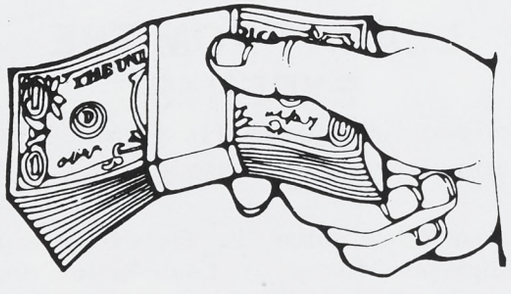
The *Press Telegram* didn't chastize Buss for losing, but for his demeanor. Nevertheless, the coach became upset with the bad publicity, causing Schrader to retort in his February 7 column, ''The media hasn't created problems for Buss. He created them for himself and the media reported them.''

Buss's team qualified as the seventh team in the eight-team PCAA championship tournament. (The conference has 10 teams.) But CSULB lost for the third time during the season to the UC Irvine Anteaters 77-65, eliminating them from the tournament in first round play for the first time ever. The 49ers ended the season with four straight losses, limping home with a 9-19 record.

Twenty days after that final loss, Buss resigned, bringing the ''New Era'' to a sudden end. The *Press Telegram* reported the school's administration had forced Buss's resignation. ''It came as a surprise to me,'' Donlan claimed. ''He was excited over the prospects of some junior college players he was recruiting. But Dave is a proud man; I'm not sure that the nine wins didn't get to him.'' Both Van Fleet and CSULB President Stephen Horn insist Buss resigned for ''personal reasons.'' They know of no other explanations. The players were stunned, including Pope and Smith, who both felt Buss would coach at least another year.

Since his resignation, Buss seems to have vanished. Efforts to reach him on campus or at his listed address or telephone number have failed.

In his resignation letter, Buss asked to be reassigned within the university and is still under a three-year contract and on the CSULB payroll. If Buss were reassigned, Vice President for Academic Affairs Dr. Glendon



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Drake would know. When asked about the situation, Drake snapped, "I am not at liberty to discuss personnel matters!" He added, growling, "He works for me."

On or off campus?

"Let's just say he is my personal assistant," said Drake, easing a little but refusing to disclose Buss's specific duties.

Van Fleet, who left CSULB during the past summer and now operates his own day camp in Irons, Michigan, is still disturbed by the Buss situation. "We were sure we had the right guy," lamented Van Fleet. "There was no question he was an excellent coach, but he was not accepted in Long Beach. I don't think the *Press Telegram* gave him a fair shake. He couldn't do anything right for them. After he resigned, we made a concerted effort to get a coach to please the *Press Telegram*."

Van Fleet moved quickly to replace Buss. On March 30, 1984, Ron Palmer became Long Beach's third coach in as many years. The athletic director's choice pleased many people, including those at the *Press Telegram*. Just weeks before, Palmer's Long Beach Poly High School team had capped off a 31-2 season with the state title and a national No. 1 ranking in *USA Today*. The publication also named him the National High School "Coach of the Year."

The mild-mannered 47-year-old, who could easily pass for a minister, coached Poly basketball to 271 wins in his 11 season career. While Buss's appointment was widely second-guessed, Palmer's was met with all but unanimous support. He hired two prodigal sons of 49er basketball, Ratleff and Glenn McDonald, as his assistants. Palmer's goal: to produce a championship-caliber team within three years. "I learned that in order to prepare players, you have to maintain a high level of expectancy," says the Oregon State graduate. "When your expectations are high, the players will perform at a high level."

Pope and Dixon changed their plans to transfer when Palmer was hired; Chambers returned to Milwaukee. Center Verberckt, dissatisfied with the number of coaching changes over the year, transferred to USC. Smith and forward Darryl Adams returned as starters.

The brief Buss era has become a painful memory. He was a capable coach. But apparently he was not the man to return the 49ers to basketball prominence. And those eight championship banners on the Long Beach Arena's west wall still cast a shadow of yearning on the action below.

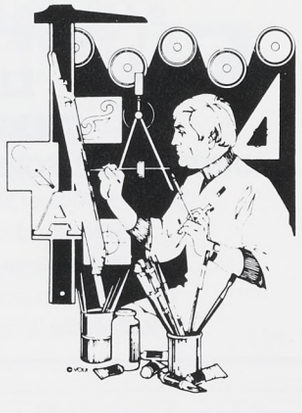


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watch

research

(continued from page 7)

"C." At this point, being thought a fool by your professor is nothing compared to the seriousness of what you've really done. By submitting work not your own, you commit plagiarism.

The California State University (CSU) policy on cheating and plagiarism defines plagiarism as: "the act of taking ideas, words, or specific substance of another and offering them as one's own, without giving credit to the source."

The consequences of plagiarism are severe. As a result, a student can be expelled for life from the CSU system, suspended, placed on probation, or given a lesser sanction.

Discovering student plagiarism is not easy, and you may never be caught. Just remember that buying your way through college is really a waste of your education and money.

—Matt Mulder
—Merrilynn Aiken

No Stress Skiing

Skiing. The word inspires visions of majestic mountains, adventurous apres-ski, tight-fitting stretch pants, sunbronzed ski instructors gliding down the trails as they transform some schlemiel into a "skiing machine." Why are they all eyeing their watches? Because it's almost hot buttered rum time.

So you say you want to be part of all this, but not as a schlemiel?

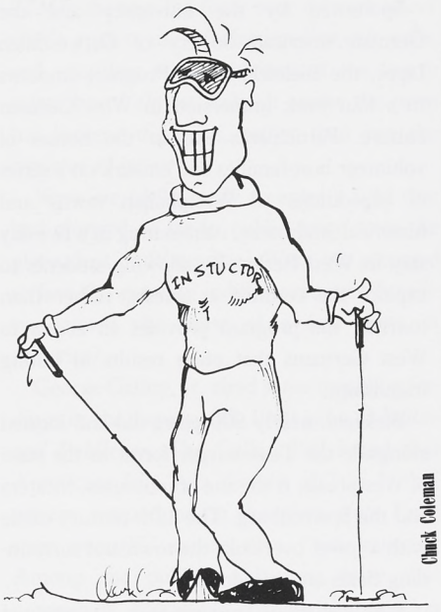
No stress. With modern equipment and new wave teaching techniques, the average coordinated (if you can be coordinated with an additional 20 pounds attached to your legs) biped can learn to snowplow and sidestep in a few days, sometimes a few hours. As a ski instructor, I've witnessed such metamorphoses. Eye the following notes for a few tips:

What are you going to wear? First advice: wear ski pants. Do not, and I repeat, do not wear blue jeans when you go skiing. Cotton is great for towels--it absorbs water so well. So will your jeans every time you happen to touch the snow. And as you know from your early childhood experiences, cold, wet pants

watch

are no fun. So beg, borrow or steal key items such as weather resistant ski pants and gloves, and especially a pair of high quality sun glasses. No, not those Mickey Mouse glasses! Snow blindness is very real at high altitudes. Now you're stylin'.

How about gear? Proceed to a local, reputable ski shop that rents equipment.



Notice the word "buy" was not used. Spending $7 to $9 for a one day rental is much wiser than investing hundreds on equipment your ability and interest may quickly outgrow.

All dressed and no place to go? You're peering at the rental clerk through your borrowed Vuarnet cat-eye glasses; maybe he has some suggestions. Of course he does, and he quickly loads you down with brochures describing local ski resorts.

You finally drive off through the smog and traffic dreaming of the crisp, invigorating air of the San Gabriel or San Bernardino mountains. Following a steady stream of overdone 4x4's and useless sports cars up to the ski areas, your mind wanders to your day of fun on the slopes. But then a terrible thought comes to mind: to get to the top of the ski run you have to take a lift! "I can't ride the lift, I'll die!" Can the "I can'ts." Think "No stress" instead. Just remember: the lift is your friend. It likes to take you places.

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The actual getting on and off the lift is easily mastered. Just pretend you're going to sit on a bench with another person. Sit down at the same time and stand up (at the top, of course) at the same time. No stress. You should repeat the last words often, it helps.

You'll love learning to ski in a class. That is, if you like laughing at other people. This group learning situation takes a lot of pressure off you to perform for two straight hours. The group also allows you to see that your other classmates are as inept as you when attempting the different exercises.

Now you're ready to hit the slopes. Don't just sit there and be a couch potato. Get organized and go to it!

—Alejandro Hernandez

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Pregnant? AIDS? Anorexia nervosa? Herpes? Information on these and about 1,500 other health subjects are just a telephone call away.

The Consumer Health Information Program and Services (CHIPS) is a bilingual service located in the Carson Regional Library. The program provides health and medical books, pamphlets, magazines, government publications and audiovisual materials for public use.

CHIPS features two-to-five minute prerecorded tapes in English and Spanish. Although prepared by physicians, they are not meant to replace your family doctor and must never be used for self-diagnosis. The tapes simply help you recognize early signs of illness in order to consult your doctor.

If you have further questions or if a tape is unavailable, call Rose Eriksen, CHIPS librarian at (213) 830-0909. Xerox copies of all information are available, free of charge.

—Health Information Line, Carson, (213) 549-9000. Mon-Thur, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Fri-Sat, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

—Memorial Hospital Medical Center of Long Beach, (213) 595-3911. Mon-Fri, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., Sat, 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

—Vicki Ronia

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Ever longed to hike through an ancient Teutonic forest, or crunch pretzels in a lively German beer hall? Then contact the CSULB German Department. It has a travel opportunity you'll want to investigate.

Sponsored by the university and the German-American Society of Ostwestfalen Lippe, the Bielefeld Study Program amounts to a four-week immersion in West German culture. Participants live in the homes of volunteer host-families and embark on a series of expeditions to Westphalian towns and historical landmarks, culminating in a five-day stay in West Berlin. By allowing students to explore the country as guests, rather than tourists, the program provides an access to West Germans that often results in lasting friendships.

Bielefeld, nearly 800 years old and located alongside the Teutoburger forest in the state of Westphalia, is the site of museums, theaters and the Sparrenburg. The 12th-century castle with a tower overlooks the town and surrounding fields and meadows.

Who's eligible? Students with two years of German language study. Enroll through the Office of Extended Education and receive three units of credit in either German Culture or Directed Studies.

Costs are subject to change, but the $1500 paid by 1984 participants covered round-trip air fare, room and board for the West Berlin visit, land transportation, tours and admissions, and CSULB tuition and administrative fees.

The Bielefeld program operates on an alternate-summer schedule: Californians travel to West Germany in even-numbered years, German students are guests in Long Beach during the odd. Deadlines for the 1986 program will be announced fall of next year.

By the way, anyone interested in hosting a German student for the summer of 1985 or those wishing further information about the Bielefeld program, should contact Dr. Johanna Roden through the Department of German, Russian and Classics.

—Tricia Jones

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Pressure on the Press

"What are we getting into?"

That's the question we, as young journalists-to-be, have been asking ourselves lately. What with the libel suits of Westmoreland versus CBS and Sharon versus *TIME*, the ongoing furor over network television's rush-to-use of election-day exit polls, and countless other criticisms of the fourth estate heard almost daily, it seems the press has become the news, rather than just the reporter of it.

Were we really ready to enter a field that had plunged so far in public favor since the glory days of Watergate? Were we prepared to face the growing indifference, even hostility, toward the cause of a free press in America?

George Gallup, Jr. aired some troubling findings in the January 19, 1980 issue of *Editor and Publisher*. The Gallup Poll found that Americans felt, by a margin of 2 to 1, that present restrictions on the press were "not strict enough" rather than "too strict." Among the public's criticisms were that newspapers sometimes publish information not in the best interests of the country's security, that news is distorted and exaggerated in order to make better headlines and sell more papers, and that reporters too often rush to print without first checking to make sure the facts are correct. Gallup also referred to another survey that asked people who had personal knowledge of a story how accurately their local newspaper had covered it. Although almost half (47 percent) said that the paper had reported the facts correctly, more than a third (37 percent) said it had not.

What are the causes of this credibility gap developing between the press and the public it serves? To find that out, and to learn what makes a good journalist, we attended the Investigative Reporters and Editors regional conference for college journalism students at USC in October. Questions we asked there led to others asked later in personal interviews and by telephone. We share the answers here.

Jean Otto, an editor for the editorial page on Denver's *Rocky Mountain News* and

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former president of Sigma Delta Chi (Society of Professional Journalists), blames a lack of sensitivity by the press for much of the criticism levied against it. She mentioned as examples the use of extreme close-up photos of family members at a funeral, or reporters interviewing the children of a suspected criminal, and, most notably, the callous coverage of the families of the soldiers killed in the bombing of the American embassy in Lebanon.

Long Beach *Press Telegram* columnist Tom Hennessey agreed with Otto concerning journalists' lack of sensitivity. He cited such distasteful tactics as hounding people for interviews and using ambush techniques (camping out on someone's front porch) in order to get a story. At the same time, Hennessey feels that the press is "never going to be liked," by virtue of its being the "bearer of bad news."

NBC news reporter James Polk, a Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter for his coverage of Watergate while at the Washington *Star-News*, builds on that idea. He attributes the lack of sensitivity perceived in the press as resulting in part from the nature of reporting. It's "an arrogant function to decide what is news and important. Even if you do try to exercise erudition, there are some reporters who come off sounding arrogant about that function and that does create rancor out there."

It is because of this heavy responsibility, real or imagined, that Otto advises journalists to keep their eyes open and "publish knowingly." She agrees that the press certainly has the right to publish. But she cautions reporters to remember that it's in the press's best interest to consider the reaction of the public. "Journalists have got to remember that they are the people, and have no special protection from responsibility for their reporting," she added.

To "publish knowingly" has a less subtle interpretation in the public mind, which comes down hard on the media for inaccuracies. According to Michael J. Goodman, an investigative reporter for the *Los Angeles Times* for the last twelve years, it is all too easy for reporters to play it "fast and loose" as they sacrifice accuracy to break the "the big story" first.

"There are two ways to get out of doing dinky stories," said Goodman. You must either "break the big story or be a gifted writer." Unfortunately, he added, there aren't too many of the latter, so the pressure is on to do the former.

Goodman concedes that reporters are under tremendous pressure to bring back "sparkling copy" to their editors. He describes a hypothetical case involving an inexperienced reporter assigned to cover a fire. The victim of the fire is in a state of shock, incoherent and taken off in an ambulance before the reporter can get a word. Rather than go back to the editor empty-handed, he attributes one of the firemen as saying "this is the worst god-damned fire in this city's history."

"Now, do you suppose any of those firemen wondered the next morning which of them said that?" Goodman asked. "Of course not," he answered.

Once the reporter learns how easy it is to get away with winging it, laziness can set in... until eventually a Janet Cook scandalizes the entire news industry by making up her Pulitzer Prize-winning story from start to finish. No wonder a sizeable percentage of the public believes that reporters will stop at nothing to advance their own careers.

The casual or sloppy use of sources is another potential minefield for reporters and raises justified suspicions in the public mind. Jim Mitchell, KCBS-TV reporter in Los Angeles, feels too many reporters rely on anonymous sources, or as he puts it, they "reach into a journalistic black bag," rather than try the front door first. He cautioned journalism students that a story is only as strong as its sources, and that the California Shield Law only protects confidentiality of sources in state criminal cases.

Another source of public antipathy towards journalists, according to Mitchell, is the ongoing practice of advocacy journalism. He believes the reporter's responsibility is to raise issues, not solve them, and the public's faith in a reporter's objectivity is drastically diminished when journalists consider themselves instruments of change. "Woodward and Bernstein didn't do Richard Nixon in," Mitchell pointed out, "a judge named

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Sirica did.''

Tom Hennessey shares Mitchell's views on reportorial objectivity. It is up to the people to determine the solutions to problems, he said. Reporters should not advocate answers or slant stories to suggest answers.

Hennessey feels the recent proliferation of libel suits against the media is another symptom of public frustration with the press. Otto agreed, adding that the public is more educated, more sophisticated and more alert to protecting itself than ever before.

The ''extra step'' being taken in the Westmoreland vs. CBS libel suit is regretted by Michael Goodman. Like many other journalists who discussed the case, he questioned the possibility of determining the state of the reporter's and editor's minds when they were writing the story, as is being attempted in the trial. He and Hennessey feel that if CBS loses the case, ''it will be a black eye for journalism.''

Beyond the controversial methods employed by reporters in gathering the news, Albert Scardino, Editor-Owner of the *Georgia Gazette,* pointed out changes in the economics of newspapers that may have affected public regard for the media.

He worries about the declining number of towns and cities with more than one newspaper. He feels that the frustration many readers have with their paper is not that it is ''too liberal,'' but that there is no alternative.

Otto seconds the idea. Americans used to have two or three local papers from which to choose. Consequently, the odds were good that one of them would reflect an individual's political or philosophical point of view. But with the shrinkage has come greater dissatisfaction and frustration among those now without a voice for their views.

Scardino worries about the move toward monopoly in the news industry. He fears they may find themselves in similar financial circumstances as the steel and auto industries 30 years ago, when they were protected from foreign competition and allowed to remain unresponsive to consumer demands.

Since newspapers currently depend upon advertisers for 80 percent of their revenues and only 20 percent from paper sales, it

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becomes tempting to pay more attention to the advertisers' interests when taking an editorial position on a controversial subject. For the smaller newspaper struggling to "keep the lights on," that temptation is magnified, according to Scardino.

"It's up to newpapers to remember," said Scardino, that they are there to "do the journalism first." If a reporter finds his or her paper succumbing to the business interests within the community by misrepresenting a story, or even worse, refusing to run it, Scardino's advice is to find some way of getting it printed, "even if it means printing it yourself."

Virtually all the journalists we talked to cited the integrity of the individual journalist as the key to reversing the press's bad press. At the same time, they were as united in wanting their First Amendment rights protected in this age of judicial conservatism and administrative management of news. To that end, twelve journalistic organizations established the First Amendment Congress in 1979. Its mission is to heighten public awareness of the importance of the free press guarantee provided in the First Amendment and to reaffirm among journalists the need for professional standards.

Certainly there is a crying need for informing the public about the First Amendment of the Constitution. Gallup, in his *Editor and Publisher* article, reported that three out of every four Americans, when asked what the First Amendment deals with "draw a blank." More disturbing still, six out of ten people with college backgrounds were unaware the First Amendment protected press freedom.

The Gallup survey wasn't without some good news and hope for the journalist of tomorrow. It found that local newspapers were third on a list of 24 organizations rated in terms of their effort to improve city life. Also, a career in journalism is still one of the top career choices among college students. We agree; our minds haven't changed. But after hearing from journalists in the field, we know a lot of hard work and hard choices lie ahead

—Elizabeth Mediavilla

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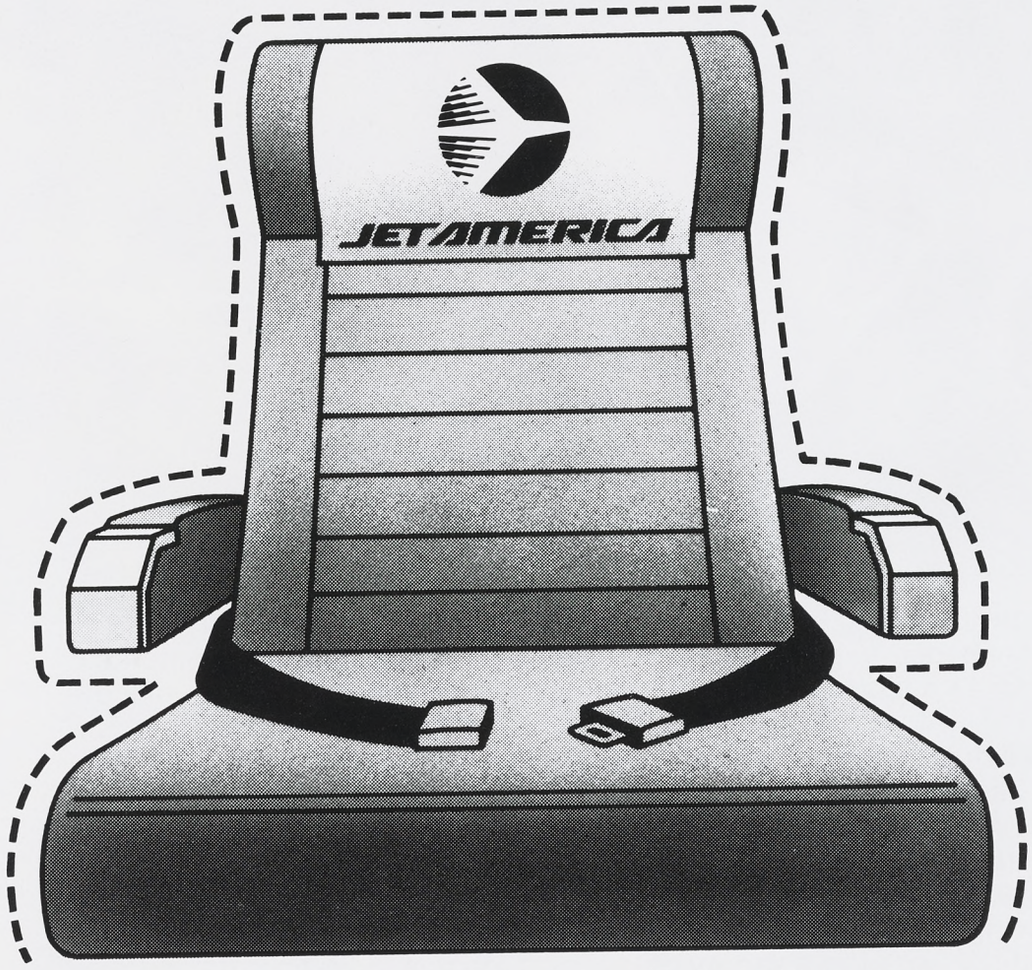


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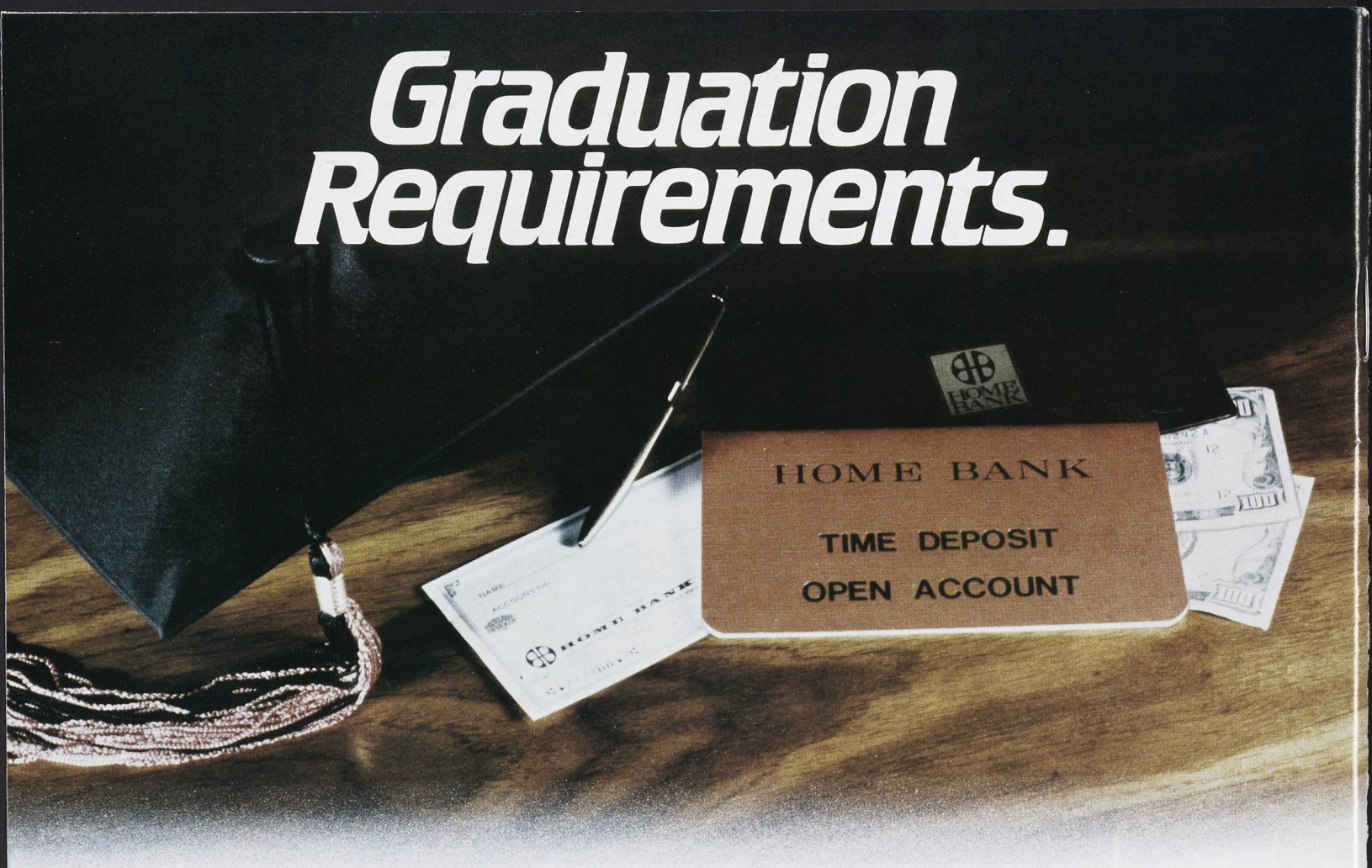
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